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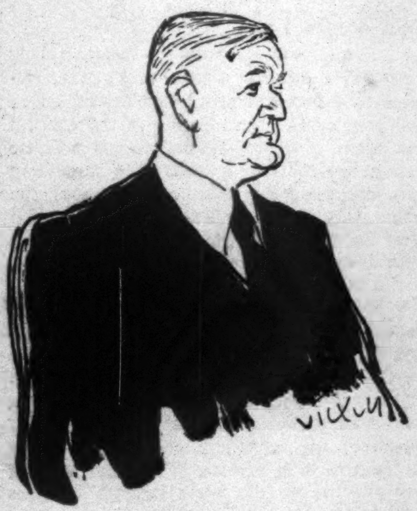

THE MIRROR BID

Arthur Christiansen
on Fleet Street

Taurus on the Cash

★

Spotlight on Salazar

★

Norman MacKenzie
on the Bow Group

★

GEOFFREY GORER
Sex and Tradition

★

ANTHONY CARSON
A Frontier Dispute

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
The Way We Love Now

★

A Rotten Domicile

The Newspaper Jungle

'I do not see why the taxpayer should subsidise a journal which cannot stand on its own feet.' The words were Mr Macmillan's in the Commons last Tuesday and they illustrate the dilemma which confronts those who, like the Prime Minister, combine liberal values with a belief in free-enterprise economics. On the one hand there is disquiet about monopolistic trends; on the other a dogmatic belief that perfect freedom can be achieved only in the service of the market god. Mr Macmillan does not mean to be cynical; yet the effect of his attitude is total cynicism: it recognises that the whole concept of a free press is no more than the by-product of an industrial process closely comparable with making motor cars or margarine – and it proposes to do nothing about it.

It is that central fact about the British press which parliament and the public must now weigh up. It is understandable that Labour MPs, desperately worried about the fate of their one trustworthy ally of substance in Fleet Street, should concentrate their efforts on the immediate protection of the *Daily Herald*. But the fate of Odhams Press is merely symptomatic of the newspaper jungle; and saving the *Daily Herald* is no more than a marginal objective. After all, the Prime Minister is not wrong to point out that the British press is still a long way from monopoly, and that if, in any particular field, the trend goes too far, the Monopolies Commission is at hand to reverse it. Mr Arthur Christiansen, himself one of the founding-fathers of the mass circulation press, is equally not wrong in arguing on another page that the press is likely to remain no less 'free' whether the *Herald* is controlled by Chancellor, Thomson or King. Yet both these arguments are misleading because they miss the point: are we to be content with a popular press which maintains its freedom by aiming only at profits? Or do we really want a press with a conscience and a mission to inform?

Once that question is asked, it becomes clear that the essential problem is not how to fence in Mr King, but how to create conditions which are unfavourable to papers whose sole purpose is the commercial exploitation of the mass market, and favourable to papers with higher standards and smaller circulations. By far the oddest reflection on this week's news is that the *Herald*, which according to the Prime Minister 'the public are not prepared to buy in sufficient quantities', still sells 1,400,000 copies.

The cost of newspapers to the public no longer bears any relation to the cost of production. The result is that all newspapers are dependent on the patronage of advertisers. The quality papers, which do not face serious TV competition, are reasonably safe. But the popular dailies are at the mercy of the mass-advertiser, who has TV as an alternative. Unless they can guarantee him a coverage comparable to TV – which often has a 12 million rating – he is not interested. Hence mass-circulation – at whatever cost – is the only guarantee of survival. To talk of the virtues of a free press is meaningless in these conditions.

A Fourth Estate, which was healthy as well as free, would ensure that a paper commanding, say, a million readers would be profitable; it is in every other country of Europe, and in the US. Whether or not government action could be effective in creating those conditions is obscure. What exactly is the relation between cost and selling price? Why is the cost of newsprint so high – and need it be so? Is it true that some of the biggest proprietors have knowingly connived at wasteful labour practices in an effort to price their weaker competitors out of the market? None of these questions can at present be clearly answered. But till they are, neither parliament nor the public can judge what is possible and the economics of the press will remain a mystery to those it is supposed to serve. Mr King and Mr Thomson will continue to prowl their jungle, picking off at their leisure the weak and unwary. And the Prime Minister will continue to observe with splendid liberal detachment that nothing can be done to interfere with the process of natural selection.

Comments on the Week's News

Health Service

Taxing the Sick

For ten years the Tories have refrained from a full-scale attack on the welfare services. Now, in Mr Enoch Powell, they have found a Minister of Health with the courage of his party's convictions, prepared to make the sick pay for their incapacity in order to give the hard-pressed Chancellor some leeway in his Budget. The charges announced on Wednesday are carefully designed to shift more of the burden of Health Service costs away from the Exchequer – the estimates show a net saving of £65m. – and on to those who can least afford to carry it.

The drift of Tory tax policy has been towards regressive and indirect taxation, which bears most heavily on the wage-earners who pay relatively little income-tax but can be made to pay poll-taxes. The pension scheme is a case in point: the weekly contribution is now going up to save the additional cost of National Insurance falling on the Exchequer. But Mr. Powell's proposals do more than add another shilling to the weekly deductions from the pay-packet. Despite the exceptions made for expectant mothers and certain classes of schoolchildren in some of the schedules, it is the sick and the incapacitated who will have to pay more for what they receive, regardless of their income. Those who are chronically ill and require repeated prescriptions can pay up to several pounds a year more for their drugs; the higher charges for dentures and spectacles may be less important but are still high enough to act as a deterrent – as dental charges already do – to patients in need of them; and to charge the economic price for welfare foods will certainly reduce the demand for them.

There is a case in Conservative doctrine for applying the 'market-test' to public services – a favourite theme of the Bow Group which Norman MacKenzie discusses on a later page – but Mr Powell's proposals are certainly not the way to apply it. It could be argued that charges should be scaled to capacity to pay, if the 'economic' cost must be covered. But there is no case at all for making all pay alike, regardless of means, to enable Mr Lloyd to frame an 'incentive' Budget.

Washington

Mr Kennedy's Agenda

The new President continues to put heart into his friends. In small matters, such as the tone of his first press conference, the ban on provocative speeches by high-ranking military men and the appointment of Mr Ed Murrow as head of the US Information Agency, he makes a marked contrast to what this week he called the 'timidities' of the Eisenhower regime. But in the larger affairs of the economy and foreign policy, with which he dealt in detail in his speech to Congress on Monday, the contrast is even more striking.

Under Eisenhower the US economy has been running down: nine years of falling farm incomes have been matched by growing stagnation in industry and a high level of unemployment. The answer, in Mr Kennedy's view, does not lie in deficit spending and cheaper money, which may unselectively increase consumption. This could bring inflation. Kennedy puts the emphasis on investment. He has thus discarded monetary policy, the device favoured both by Eisenhower's advisers and by our own government in recent years, in favour of much more precise methods of economic planning, which include a flexible tax policy.

His programme is thus at least as radical in this respect as anything advanced by the Labour Party in recent years and far ahead of anything Mr Selwyn Lloyd has yet proposed to escape from the stagnation of our own economy. This is a change of great importance, and one that the President can make by executive action even if Congress is hostile.

Americans, naturally, will look first at the President's remedies for their domestic ills. But the rest of the world may be astonished at the implications of his strategic view. All the weary arguments about western defence have been put in a new light by his recognition that many American bases are obsolete – a fact emphasised by the successful Minuteman test – as well as inadequate to present conditions. The decision to accelerate the Polaris programme is, in effect, the abandonment of the 'first-strike' concept on which US strategy has been based in the nuclear age.

Both the atom bombers and the existing liquid-fuel missiles (for which a ring of overseas bases was essential) are highly vulnerable weapons, liable to destruction unless they are used first. It was this fact that underlay many Soviet allegations that the US was planning a preventive war: unless they could be used first to attack Soviet bases they would be useless. By moving towards a 'second-strike' armoury – one, that is, which could survive an initial assault – Mr Kennedy is giving up the provocative posture which the Pentagon and such pundits as Dr Teller have insisted was vital to US security.

This is accompanied by a proposal to strengthen US conventional forces and in particular to add to the present air-lift capacity for moving them quickly to cope with brush-fire crises. This, in the circumstances, is both inevitable and sensible. One of the dangers in the Eisenhower strategy was that the run-down of conventional forces, and the emphasis on first-strike nuclear power, meant that any serious crisis had to be met by nuclear bluff. And since this could sometimes be called, there was the perpetual risk either of a humiliating climb-down or all-out war. If Mr Kennedy can impose this new policy – and his closest advisers are sworn foes of the experts on whom Eisenhower relied – the way is open to a serious reconsideration of the whole structure of western defence, and therefore of disarmament.

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Moscow

Down on the Farm

A Special Correspondent writes: Mr Krushchev's anxiety about agriculture, revealed by the recent protracted discussion of rural problems at the meeting of the Central Committee, is closely related to his promise to raise Soviet living standards to something approaching western standards. One of the reasons why the party leadership made such severe criticisms of farm managers and agricultural organisations of all kinds is that, after a surge forward in the years immediately after Stalin's death, Soviet agriculture is stagnating.

As a result of this meeting, Soviet agriculture is to be reorganised, with more responsibilities given to local farming bodies. But one fact that was not stressed in the published reports of this meeting, whatever attention was paid to it in private, is that the level of farm production rose when farmers' incomes were rising from 1953 to 1958 and fell after farm income was cut back in 1959, when a directive was issued to state and collective farms that a much higher proportion of profits was to be ploughed back. This diminished the incentives to farmers which had been offered increasingly since the year of Stalin's death.

In 1953, as agricultural production could not be increased fast enough by raising productivity in the old agricultural areas, it was decided to open up millions of acres of virgin land in the central and eastern regions of the country. This gave a great impetus to agricultural output. But the amount of money invested in the scheme was very large, and thanks to bad climatic conditions and scarcity of labour, most of the machinery and equipment which had been installed was left unused; the cost added per unit produced was too high and the number of farm organisations which have been falling into debt has been growing.

These high costs are jeopardizing the continued growth of Soviet agriculture, as products cannot fetch adequate prices. The outlook for meat – the most expensive farm product for domestic consumption, and one about which the Russians are deeply concerned – is not very favourable. Not only are feeding-stuffs expensive, but livestock production is in general considerably less modernised than crop farming.

The Party's approach is mainly from the scientific and managerial. In most virgin lands much more attention will be given to irrigation, which has been a neglected element before. Special centres will be created as intermediaries between industry and agriculture in vital supply problems.

There is no doubt that production will increase. Soviet agriculture is about one generation behind that of the US. There are great potentialities in Russia for increased mechanisation of farming, introduction of hybrid corn, land reclamation and modern feeding methods for livestock. All these innovations have increased the productivity of American agriculture by well over 100 per cent during the last 30 years.

The question is not whether Russian agriculture will expand but whether it can do so fast enough. In the Soviet Union the state has been putting pressure on agricultural organisations for increased production. In the US, where the state is trying to curtail production, agricultural institutes are finding that farmers come directly to them to learn new techniques to increase productivity and compete successfully on the market. It is direct incentives to the farmer which give the greatest propulsive force to American agriculture. This is what Russia lacks.

Africa

Fighting Apartheid

A Correspondent writes: Any hopes Dr Verwoerd may have been entertaining that the memory of Sharpeville is fading and that the British public has become more apathetic about his racialist policies must by now have been dispelled The Admiralty's decision to leave six coloured ratings out of the courtesy visit by HMS *Victorious* to South Africa has aroused sharp and widespread antagonism in both press and parliament.

Even more significant, however, has been a new declaration of policy by the Labour Party. In the past the party has carefully refrained from calling for the expulsion of South Africa from the Commonwealth. It has held the view that her continued membership might do something to protect her African citizens. But faced with the fact that South Africa, having become a Republic, will now have to ask for the consent of the other members in order to remain in it, the National Executive has now yielded to the demand of the South Africa United Front and endorsed the proposition that Commonwealth membership for South Africa should be conditional on her abolishing racial discrimination and handing back her mandate over South West Africa. This stand by the Labour Party is bound to have an effect on countries like Malaya, Nigeria, Canada and Ghana who, rumour runs, have been persuaded by Mr Macmillan to drop direct opposition to readmission.

When he arrives in London, therefore, Dr Verwoerd may be surprised by the depth of hostility against his government. The appeal by the Anti-Apartheid Movement for volunteers to man up a silent vigil of reproach outside Lancaster House during the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference has already received a wide response.

Sir Ferdinand and Sir Roy

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Last week's events in Rhodesia and Kenya show that Europeans in both East and Central Africa are by no means reconciled to the changes taking place in the continent. In the Kenya primary elections European votes were cast in a ratio of two to one against Michael Blundell's New Kenya Party, which believes in active co-operation with the Africans. Although most of the candidates representing Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck's Coalition Party are likely to be eliminated when they fight their opponents again in the common roll elections later this month, when Africans will be voting, the new government and Legislative Council will start by knowing that the majority of Europeans are hostile to them. Since the African parties are in a state of turmoil, the new constitution will not get off to a good start.

In Rhodesia it is now clear that Sir Roy Welensky is determined to intervene even in matters which are the sole prerogative of the British government. This allegation has frequently been made in the past and is as frequently sneeringly refuted by federal apologists. Now Sir Roy has come out into the open; he has ordered the delegates of his United Federal Party to boycott the Northern Rhodesian constitutional Conference which resumed in London this week. It appears that Sir Roy heard privately what Britain would propose and used his influence to keep the UFP men away. In their turn, the UFP delegates have persuaded those of the Dominion Party to join the boycott.

What has alarmed Sir Roy is Britain's intention to widen the franchise of Northern Rhodesia and to ensure an African majority in the Legislative Council. Stripped of all the verbose arguments the Europeans are determined to retain their control through a highly qualified franchise and domination in the council. Without these undemocratic privileges the Africans will gain some measure of control and certainly take the Protectorate out of the Federation.

Yet Sir Roy and his white supporters betray their ignorance of political reality by their reaction. Once elections are granted in any form to a majority community in a plural society nothing short of force can prevent it eventually gaining majority power. European settlement can only find security by coming to terms with African government and proving its usefulness. In his obsession with preserving Federation Sir Roy is obscuring this truth and misleading his followers; they may well miss their chance of survival. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr Macleod, who recognises this essential fact of African life, will remain firm on behalf of both black and white interests.

Westminster

HMS Inglorious

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* So HMS Appeaser is on her way to South Africa without six of her coloured ratings. Dr Verwoerd is Victorious. The wind of change will not blow through the corridors of the Admiralty.

It is worth trying to restate the facts because they have been mis-stated and because Mr Charles Orr-Ewing, the Civil Lord, confessed to the House of Commons that the Admiralty did not know what they were when the story first broke. The Aircraft Carrier *Victorious* has sailed for South Africa, partly on a 'goodwill' visit, partly to exercise and train with the South African navy and partly to join the Far Eastern Fleet. Six coloured ratings were drafted from *Victorious* to other ships before she sailed – a normal Admiralty practice for ships visiting South Africa, designed, said Orr-Ewing, to protect naval officers and ratings from social discrimination ashore.

As soon as he heard about this, Mr Reggie Paget began firing questions; and, in the full House which heard the subsequent exchanges, only one member, Commander Courtney, showed he supported the Admiralty's action or that he respected Orr-Ewing's defence of it. There was, first, the general principle. Was there any port in the world, other than in South Africa, which did not receive Her Majesty's sailors with courtesy, asked Paget (Labour). If the price we have to pay for visiting South Africa is the application of *apartheid* on board our ships, hadn't we better forgo the visit, asked Mr Jeremy Thorpe (Liberal). If the South African government wish to have these visits, had it better not agree to behave like other governments, asked Vice-Admiral Hughes Hallett (Conservative). To such questions, Orr-Ewing replied that the South African government 'have been extremely helpful in the past'. It was doubtful whether even Orr-Ewing knew what he meant by that. The House became restive.

Mr John Mendelson then put the point again, in a slightly different form. Why, he asked, if men were good enough to risk their lives and fight for their country, cannot South Africa be asked to accept them as equals during such visits as this? Orr-Ewing could think of nothing better to say than that he was sure the South African government would read Mendelson's remarks. But then, a moment later, he let out that this was not just a courtesy visit but was also operational training; and those few members who had not been particularly stirred by the question of human rights were quite shocked to hear that the Admiralty, out of deference to Dr Verwoerd, was prepared to risk interfering with operational efficiency. Orr-Ewing missed the point of their mutterings and asserted that training with the South African navy and the use of South African ports was 'of tremendous importance to the whole free world'. This, of course, made matters worse. The use of the phrase 'free world' at that particular moment fanned the flames of the 'human-rightists'; and the emphasis on the importance of training with the South African navy convinced the service-minded that interference, on political grounds, with a ship's company during such training was less excusable than ever.

One minor point also came out. Though six coloured ratings had been removed – 'for their own protection' – others who happened to have families in South Africa had been allowed to remain. Why, asked Mr George Brown, was Orr-Ewing so sure that these would be treated fairly in South Africa but so unsure about the others? All this, said Orr-Ewing, was a matter for debate, a proposition which was subsequently to be denied by the Speaker, who refused to allow the adjournment of the House, and by Mr R. A. Butler whose contribution to the proceedings was virtually restricted to the one, gem-like sentence: 'Naturally, every time there is an interst to the extent shown in the House today, it is a matter for deliberation as to how opportunities can be taken for the matter to be further ventilated and discussed.'

So HMS *Victorious* sails on her way. A British government which had refused to condemn South African racial policies in the UN Assembly – 'because it would be interference with the internal affairs of another country' – has now allowed that country to interfere with the internal affairs of the Royal Navy. It has further revealed to the world that the Royal Navy habitually practises a racial segregation which the United States navy, for all the intolerances of that country, does not practise and would not, I believe, ever practise. These guilty men of Simonstown would do well to rename their carrier HMS *Inglorious*.

Fleet Street

Hugh Cudlipp's Long Day

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* Even this reactionary old Beaverbrook-trained jungle fighter was so stunned when the Thomson-Odhams merger was announced that he went on to the BBC's 'Ten o'clock' programme to support the demand for a government inquiry into the condition of the British press. I was not at all sure what the government could do, or whether there was any necessity to do anything, but instinctively and emotionally I felt that my profession was in danger and that an airing of the problems before the bar of public opinion would be good medicine.

I was not alone. Even Cecil King, boss of the *Mirror* group, joined in the clamour for an official inquiry, which just about occupied every seat on that band-waggon, the passengers ranging from Mr John Gordon in his *Sunday Express* column (although no word from the Beaver, who left for Jamaica on the day of the rumpus) to the editor of *Reynolds News* (which on Sunday announced a modest increase in its pathetically small sales), with Sir William Haley of *The Times* emphatically getting aboard as late as last Tuesday morning. The only thing that these strange bed-fellows have in common is their vagueness about what an official inquiry can do.

The trouble, of course, is that the free press is not in any particular danger whichever side wins the battle. There might be a case for investigating some of the activities of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, but I cannot see that there is any damage to the historic freedom of the Fourth Estate, even in the set-up of that powerful body.

Short of a miracle the *Mirror* group must surely win this battle. The stakes are too high for the *Mirror* to permit a Thomson counter-bid to succeed. The unprofitable *Daily Herald* and the profitable *People* are just another couple of newspaper pawns surrounded by lush women's magazines and fantastically efficient printing offices. I reckon that Cecil King will gobble them all up, and that before long Hugh Cudlipp, his deputy-chairman, will stride editorially over a domain that will tax even his seemingly inexhaustible energies.

Cudlipp in his middle forties presides (with his cool blonde wife Eileen in charge of the women's papers) over the sprawling Fleetway Press. He dominates the group's editorial content not only in Fleet Street but also in Ghana, soon in British Guiana, though no longer in Australia. He travels the world. He represents the group on the board of directors of ATV. He is said to be succeeding as brilliantly in his role of managing director, handling newsprint and labour problems, as he has always done in his editorial functions.

Cecil King's declaration that the future of the *Daily Herald* as a separate entity will be sustained 'with the utmost energy' must surely contemplate the use of the driving force and energy of Hugh Cudlipp. For here is a paper that is losing a crock of gold, even though it has improved immensely under John Beavan's editorship, and has increased its sales by 75,000 out of the skeleton of the *News Chronicle.*

The experienced newspaperman can always detect in which direction the energies of Hugh Cudlipp are being concentrated. When the *Mirror* launches a political crusade, or a don't-shoot-the-tiger campaign, or a plea that Britain must Export or Die, or a Page One accusation that Dr Fisher is a poor fisher of men, Cudlipp's concentrating on the *Mirror*. When the *Pictorial* cleans itself up, and hires Sir Malcolm Sargent, Dame Margot Fonteyn, an art critic and induces Malcolm Muggeridge to do a six-subject column, Cudlipp's concentrating on the *Pictorial*. When the *Woman's Mirror* takes full-page advertisements in all the papers, both the Cudlipps are concentrating! The combined powers of Mr and Mrs Cudlipp over the livelihoods of hundreds, maybe thousands, of newspaper men and women, even benevolently exercised as they have always been, are going to be immense and terrifying. Nor can I see how the creation of separate boards of directors, or holding companies, or divisions of responsibility are going to work, at any rate in the case of Hugh himself.

For the newspaper profession there is the danger that if a man is sacked from the *People* he will not be able to get a job on the *Pictorial.* Or if the *Mirror* wishes to hire a star from the *Daily Herald* his path will be blocked. Outside the profession – and who cares? – things might get tough for people like the Duchess of Argyll, who is reputed to have sold her memoirs to the *Sunday Pictorial* for £50,000. With the *People* out of the way, prices for sensational reminiscences will show a tendency to drop!

But does all this amount to monopoly or a threat to press freedom? No. It is more of a dilemma for Cudlipp to make the 24-hour day stretch still further. He could do, of course, a Harold Macmillan by sending an SOS for elder brother Percy, the former editor of the *Daily Herald,* and for younger brother Reginald, the former editor of the *News of the World.* But that is not the Cudlipp way. He will be in there on his own, the rugged individualist to the last.

In this dark world of sin a parallel to Hugh Cudlipp's dilemma seems in prospect. Suppose that a thwarted, wounded, and enraged Roy Thomson made and succeeded with a take-over bid for the *Telegraph* interests and found himself the owner of both the soon-to-be-born *Sunday Telegraph,* as well as the *Sunday Times*! Thomson cast covetous eyes on the *Telegraph* long before the Odhams' deal was mooted. So be warned.

Arthur Christiansen, editor of the 'Daily Express' from 1933 to 1957, will be writing occasionally on the press during the absence abroad for the next few months of Francis Williams.

Salazar's Crumbling Mask

The cruise of the *Santa Maria* has succeeded brilliantly in its primary object. It has divested Dr Salazar of his cherished myth that his dictatorship was popular. For the first time in his 30 years rule, the world outside has been made forcibly aware of the extent and bitterness of the opposition to his regime. For decades, Salazar has kept his country out of the headlines. Now, by an inspired *coup de théâtre,* his enemies have jerked Portugal into the news.

Yet much of Salazar's elaborately-constructed facade still remains. A large section even of well-informed British opinion still accepts the view – assiduously promoted by British businessmen with Portuguese interests – that the dictatorship is essentially benign; that it has brought Portugal political calm, monetary stability, steady economic growth, rising living standards and social progress; and that all this has been achieved, by authoritarian methods to be sure, but with the minimum of beastliness.

Let us examine the various facets of this image. First, economic growth. The *escudo,* it is true, has been established as a relatively hard currency: but this is a consequence of a deliberate deflationary policy which has not merely decelerated the rate of economic growth but has actually reduced living standards during the past two decades. On the basis of figures in the *Anuario Estatistico,* published by the Lisbon National Institute of Statistics, it can be calculated that real wages in Portugal fell by one third in the period 1939-1958 (in the latter year they averaged £1 14s. a week).

Secondly, social conditions. Accurate statistics on Portuguese living standards (housing, consumer purchases, etc) are difficult to obtain. But some revealing glimpses have been provided by the UN agencies. Dr Rao, of FAO's Nutrition Division, calculates, for instance, that the average Portuguese calory intake in the period 1954-55 was the lowest in Europe and was comparable to that of Tunisia and the Congo (cf. *New Scientist,* 21 July 1960). According to a report made by the Portuguese Medical Association (*Boletim da Ordem dos Medicos,* March 1960), the incidence of tuberculosis and TB mortality rates in Portugal are the highest in Europe.

The same body found that the infant mortality rate, in the first year of live births, was 88 per 1,000 in Portugal, against an average of 50 per 1,000 for 102 other countries. In 1925, a year before the *coup d'état* which led to Salazar's accession, infant mortality in Portugal was lower than in Czechoslovakia, Japan and Singapore. In 1960, according to the WHO *Epidemological and Vital Statistics Report,* it was twice as high as in these three countries. Infant mortality is a trustworthy index of general social and economic conditions: these figures, therefore, provide concrete backing for the widespread feeling among the Portuguese that they are falling seriously behind the rest of the world in the struggle for a better life. This is undoubtedly the biggest single factor in the agitation against Salazar.

Thirdly, the nature of the regime. There is not only negative but also positive censorship of the press – that is, publications are obliged to insert the government's version of events. All opposition political parties are banned and political meetings forbidden. Since 1945, in deference to the view of his allies, Salazar has held three presidential 'elections', permitting parties to be formed during the 30-day campaign period.

The last of these, in 1958, was marked by the following characteristics: refusal of access to the electoral register (which is known to be incomplete and selective); confiscation of voting cards; arrests and intimidation of opposition canvassers; refusal to allow opposition scrutineers to attend the count; and demonstrable falsification of results. Despite this, the government admitted that 236,528 votes were cast for General Delgado (against 758,998 for the government candidate), and in consequence announced that no further elections would be held. To escape arrest, Delgado was forced to flee the country.

The extent of the police repression varies. At the discretion of magistrates, persons arrested by the political police (the PIDE) can be held *without trial* for a renewable period of six months. Such arrests do not seem to be recorded in published official statistics, still less in the press; hence, it is almost impossible to determine the total of political prisoners. The *Anuario Estatistico* for 1959 states that there were 3,811 trials leading to convictions for crimes against religion, security and other political offences. The latest figures show that, between March and July 1960, 103 persons were tried on political charges, being sentenced to a total of 138 years, plus 725 years loss of rights and a further 123 years prison at police discretion.

A fourth and last factor in the public protest against Salazar – one which plays a large role in Captain Galvao's venture – is the plight of Portugal's colonies. To escape UN 'interference', these were transformed in 1951 into 'overseas provinces', Portuguese citizenship being made available, in theory, to all their inhabitants. In fact, according to the latest available statistics, only 96,207 persons of non-European origin, or 0.9 per cent, have been accorded full civil rights. In Angola and Mozambique, the two largest, the percentage is 0.74 and 0.44 respectively. Further, in some areas forced or contracted labour – despite theoretical legal provision against it – still flourishes. The Angola *Anuario Estatistico* for 1958 reveals the existence of 130,141 'contracted' workers – paid at an average rate of £20 a year. More than 23,000 of them are employed by the government itself, in defiance of its own laws.

This, then, is the Portugal behind Salazar's facade. For years, the dictator has held his regime together by persuading the Portuguese people that, in the event of revolt, he could call upon British and US assistance. For the first time, this bluff is being put to the test. It is up to British and American public opinion – which enjoys the rights the Portuguese are denied – to ensure that it remains a bluff.

The Affluent Reformers

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Next Tuesday at the Constitutional Club, with Lord Woolton presiding and Mr Butler as guest of honour, members of the Bow Group will meet for its tenth birthday dinner. None of them, except Chris Chataway, are yet public faces: they look what they are – able and ambitious young men from the City and the Bar, advertising agencies, commercial television and the professions. But somewhere among them will be a sprinkling of future Cabinet ministers, possibly the next Tory premier but one. Even now they include ten MPs, and another 47 hopefuls had trial runs in Labour seats in the 1959 election.

The Group has grown steadily since it was founded in the Bow Conservative Club by a handful of former members of Conservative Associations at Oxford and Cambridge. At the end of last year it had 873 members, and its numbers had doubled over the two previous years. It is now, in the opinion of some of its leading members, almost as large as it can become without losing its character as a society which tries to involve most of its membership in active research.

That was the aim of its founders; they felt that the Tories needed some counterpart to the Fabian Society, a group that would be independent of the party machine yet could help it with political education, with research and, as one of them put it, with 'keeping bright the cherished image of the party as tolerant and all-embracing'.

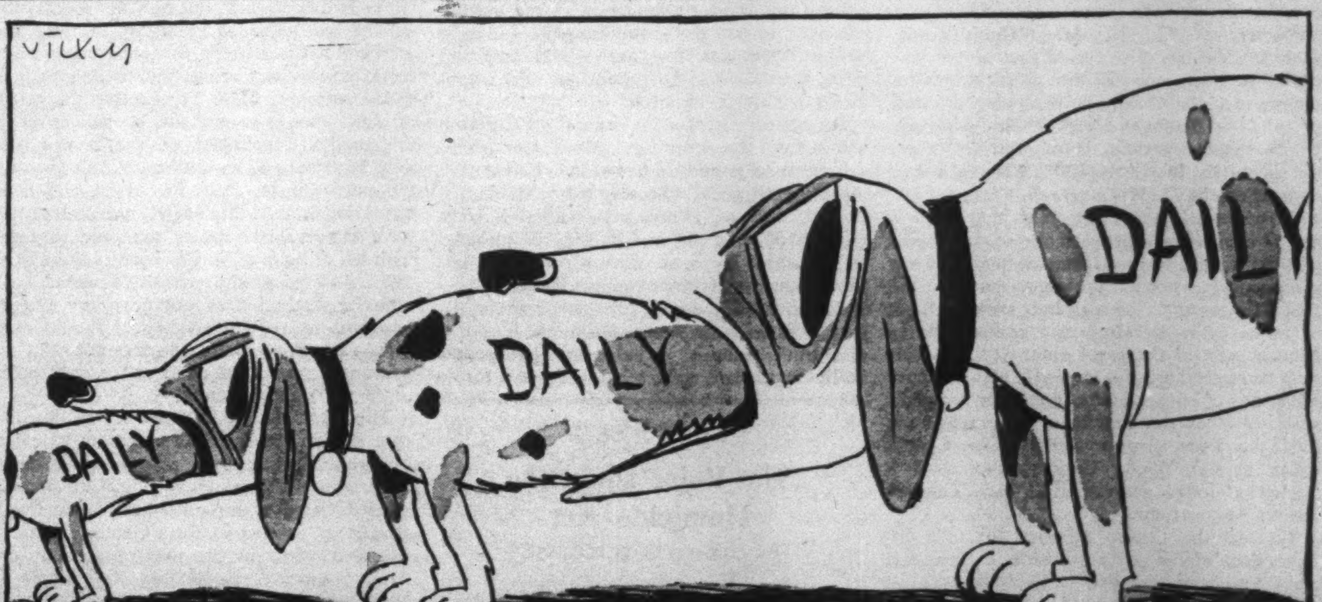
Ten years ago the idea of a 'progressive' image for the Conservative Party still struck most people on the left as comic. They were slow to appreciate what Woolton and Butler had been doing in the five years after the 1945 election, or to perceive the changes in the patterns of power within the Tory organisation. And so, despite the dramatic increase in Tory membership, they deceived themselves. Tory reform was dismissed as pure window-dressing.

The Bow Group is a case in point. It is sometimes written off as a ginger group of younger and more liberal spirits who battle gamely and pretty hopelessly against the Tory old guard; sometimes as little more than a sophisticated club for political careerists who want to attract attention to themselves, a kind of post-graduate Oxford Union. Not long ago the *Scotsman* was airily saying that 'its preoccupations are the fashionable ones of the younger set in London today'.

There is something in each of these comments. It has taken the Group time to wear down the suspicions of the party regulars who suspect words like 'tolerance' and 'independence' – the Group is not affiliated to the National Union – and doubt whether its concern with such unorthodox interests as race relations, aid to the arts, and penal reform, is either safe or desirable. It is true that opportunists with an eye to the political chance have decided that it is a smart move to join the group. (Some have got in, but less acceptable climbers are kept out by careful screening before election.) And the pages of its plump quarterly, *Crossbow*, reflect voguish enthusiasms.

Yet such criticisms are misleading. For the core of the Group is serious-minded and intelligent, and its members are prepared to work hard. Though some of the research projects may seem trivial, and their conclusions occasionally brash to the point of irrelevance, it has devised a novel way of tapping the talents of those who join it. Unlike the Fabian Society, which has long enjoyed a full-time staff to direct its work and normally has its pamphlets written by a single individual, the Group works collectively under the guidance of its chairman Tom Hooson and its librarian David Howell.

Each subject for research is allocated to a team, led by a convenor; and when research is done and the draft is complete it must be presented to an open meeting of the membership for discussion. At the end of the meeting a vote is taken to decide whether the draft is good enough to deserve publication



– a seal of approval of quality rather than content. For the pamphlet does not then become Bow Group 'policy': in this respect the Fabian example is followed, for the Group's publications represent the views only of their authors. *Crossbow*, indeed, under vigorous editorship, ranges even more widely in subject-matter and opinion than the pamphlets produced by the Group. There is a section in the Group which wants to have agreed policies and to lobby for them in the Conservative party, but the leadership, consciously profiting from Fabian experience, has steered the Group away from the notion.

This method of work has undoubtedly produced results, though the quality has been uneven: neither the convenors nor the teams they lead are necessarily specialists in the matters they study, and this often gives an air of erratic but engaging amateurism to Bow pamphlets. They may have the vitality of ebullient undergraduates, but they also have the same kind of inconsistency. The group in fact was deliberately designed to cater for young graduates. Its age-limit is 36: two-thirds of its members are in fact under 30, as against two-thirds over 40 in the Fabian Society, which has no age-bar.

Who are these members? There is an impression that they come from a rather lower social level than, say, the average Tory candidate, with a bias towards Grammar school and even Redbrick – unestablished young graduates looking for room at the top. But this is not the case. Indeed more of them come from public schools and Oxford or Cambridge than from any other educational background: their social origins and schooling are, on the whole, rather higher than the average for Conservative candidates. Lawyers and solicitors are the largest single group, closely followed by young businessmen – about a quarter of the whole membership.

People from advertising, public relations and journalism make up about a tenth of the total, but these provide many of the pacemakers and leaders. Tom Hooson, the present chairman, is employed by Coleman, Prentis and Varley; David Hennessy, former chairman, has a senior job in Associated-Rediffusion; Michael Heseltine, managing director of *Crossbow* and author of the snobbish and, to me, repellent advertising leaflet recently circulated for that journal, is one of the publishers of the chic *Man About Town*. Timothy Raison, *Crossbow's* first editor, has probably been one of the most influential members of the Group; he is now on the staff of the *New Scientist*. Geoffrey Hodgson, one of its regular writers, is on the *Observer*; the librarian David Howell, who is a key man, is on the *Daily Telegraph*.

At present, therefore, it seems that there is no great difference between the social origins of the Group and those from which the Tory leadership has normally been recruited in the past half century: its members seem well set in terms of background and connections to become part of the party élite, working their way through the usual channels of local government, or propaganda fights in hopeless seats, towards the centres of power. Almost half the Bow Group members have held office in the Young Conservatives, and a somewhat lower proportion in local Conservative Associations.

Though the Group remains formally independent of the party machine, its informal links are becoming progressively closer: its publications now account for about one-third of the output of the Conservative Political Centre, and its ideas get a sympathetic hearing up to Cabinet level. Ministers are now in the habit of dropping strong hints about 'useful' research projects. Mr Henry Brooke, for instance, is a great and good friend, and he was no doubt pleased to see the Group's pamphlet *Houses to Let* appear a few months before he announced the Rent Act in 1957. *Minds Matter* came out before the government announced plans for reforming the mental health laws, and another publication on tax reform seems to have anticipated much of the Tory pre-Budget discussion.

The Bow Group has become a good field from which to fly Tory kites. Its plea for a more enlightened African policy was the first important augury from which the intelligent Tory could deduce that the 'winds of change' were blowing. Its plan for a World Refugee Year was a spectacular success; the government took it up and persuaded the United Nations to adopt it.

On many issues the Group seems to be a focus of liberal ideas within the Tory party. It is keen on democratising the party structure in matters of policy-making, finance and candidate selection – a bias that comes naturally to those who are still on the way up. Its members have displayed progressive views about race relations, sex laws, Sunday opening, cultural policy and the need to spend far more on education. They are anti-Blimp, and take a more realistic view of Britain's position in the world. Thus far they speak for the younger middle-class readers of the literate Sundays. But they also believe passionately in the Opportunity State.

The cure for the evils of capitalism, in their view, is not less capitalism but more: it is inefficient because it is half-hearted. To put it more precisely, they believe in the market-economy test. Paternalism is all right in its place, but its place is at the bottom, providing a floor below which neither decency nor expediency can let the social casualty fall. There should be a minimum standard provided by public welfare – just as there are a few utilities which should remain under state ownership – but as far as possible people should provide for themselves.

They are willing to apply this logic sternly. Education should be aided and reformed so that there is opportunity for the able to rise – the price of the open society – but those who can pay should do so. People should be obliged, by a strict application of the market principle, to pay the economic price for their houses, their gas, electricity, coal and rail fares, their medical bills, pensions and school meals for their children.

Of course there is a spread of opinion within the Group on these issues: for political reasons a good number of its members are unwilling to go all the way with Mr Enoch Powell, and as a practical matter a large element of state aid and subsidy is accepted as inevitable by most Group members. But they wish to shift the emphasis as far as possible towards freedom – for the consumer, the taxpayer, the small businessman, the motorist and trade unionist – believing that people really appreciate only what they pay for in hard cash. And it follows that the need to earn the money provides the incentive to work hard.

NEXT WEEK

The Point about the Homicide Act

by GERALD GARDINER QC

The Oxford Poetry Election

by LOUIS MACNEICE

The Bow Group has found a way to appeal to self-interest in the language of liberalism. So long as the economy remains reasonably buoyant and the policy of Conservative governments in foreign and colonial affairs seems to be moving away from the xenophobia of the diehards to a more rational and civilised attitude, this 'new look' will continue to appeal to the aspirant but politically moderate middle class that Mr Butler began wooing back in the dying years of the Attlee government. It is an effective formula. In our class system anything which marries social conscience with the desire to get on is a key to political success. And this is what the Conservative party has, with some difficulties and growing pains, been learning to do in the last decade: the Bow Group simply articulates the formula more clearly than older members of the party reared in the tradition of Baldwin and Chamberlain. But it leaves untouched – as a glance at the subjects of Bow Group research reveals – the real questions of power, because the present power structure is taken for granted and the point at issue is how to make it more humane and acceptable.

This may be a net gain for all of us who have to live in the system. Better roads, more teachers, enlightened laws, improved administration and a willingness to come to terms with colonial nationalism all make life easier and more sensible. But politics is about something more profound than this. The members of the Bow Group sincerely believe in allowing a sophisticated capitalism its head – with a helping hand for those it crushes in its path – because in this way freedom and opportunity are maximised: social good becomes the sum of individuals seeking their own good. This may be one strong theme in our political tradition, but it is not the only one. The idea of collective action for the common good has been equally important. And that is not merely a matter of taxing the rich to help the poor, or even of providing elaborate schemes of welfare. It applies also to the economy, and the purposes it is shaped to serve.

The intelligent Conservative may wish to 'move Britain ahead', but he assumes that this will be best achieved by letting the free play of the market provide the individual or the corporation with material incentives. He seems curiously blind, considering the record of free enterprise, to the shortcomings of this method: members of the Bow Group may have read J. K. Galbraith, and even use the catch-phrases from *The Affluent Society*, but doing well in that society themselves they have shown little desire to come to terms with his critique of it. For even if this system can ensure economic growth of some kind – and the stagnation of our economy and the accelerating trend to monopoly should make Group members pause – it does not offer any guarantee that it will grow at the right points or in the right direction.

This remains the essence of the Socialist case against the system and for an extension of public planning and ownership, as strong as it was when the early Socialists first advanced it against those ideas of Nassau Senior which are echoed in Bow Group arguments about freedom in the market. Labour now needs a pointed restatement of this case for changing the social system, put with the same vitality and conviction of its relevance to modern conditions that the Bow Group displays in its desire to tidy it.

London Diary

CHARON

I was looking round for a parallel case of total fabrication for political ends to compare with the Laotian Boun Oum's week-end admission that the story about invasion from the north was a propaganda hoax. Then I remembered our old friend Claud Cockburn's confession of how he and Otto Katz in Paris, during the Spanish Civil War, cooked up with maps and telephone directories a circumstantially detailed account of an anti-Franco rising in Tetuan. The point of this fantasy was to induce Blum's wavering Popular Front government to send some more arms to the Republic.

* * *

It's seven years almost to the day since Hulton Press, now an Odhams subsidiary, was on the verge of being bought by Cecil King. The board and its general manager, John Pearce, now an advertising agent, had almost persuaded Hulton to sell. They were having a celebratory luncheon at the Bell at Aston Clinton when Hulton, supported by his volatile wife, rallied and used his over-riding vote to sweep the board. However much you deplore the Hultons politics and the subsequent history of Hulton Press, this was a plucky action. Several points intrigue me about the present situation. One is the failure of Mr Colthard's Guidance; Mr Colthard being Roy Thomson's right-hand man and a leading British Buchmanite Grouper. Another is Thomson's difficulty in finding enough heavy capital – in spite of the licence to print money which he himself claimed a commercial TV station conferred. The last, of course, is how many shares in all three groups does Sir John Ellerman own already?

* * *

I'm tremendously impressed by the point Geoffrey Gorer makes in his review on another page of the evidence in the *Lady Chatterley* case. The key sentence is the one about the difficulty of maintaining a steady society if women are expected to seek orgasm, and the fact that many societies do not recognise female orgasm. Only last week I heard of a case that sounded suspiciously as if some puritan-pervert of a gynaecologist had been up to the old trick of removing, unnecessarily, the ovaries from a patient for whom an interrupted pregnancy had been recommended on account of hysteria. This type of wicked female castration-by-stealth was at one time quite common. You can imagine the ghastly euphemistic way in which the news would be broken by a nurse. 'Your surgeon says to tell you, dear, that you're not to worry about anything any more because you're never going to have any trouble of any kind whatever in that department. Every little thing's been taken care of.'

* * *

Naturally the establishment, or anyway its right wing, rooted in 19th-century male ascendancy of an almost Moslem type, is not going to favour female orgasm. Its attitude was expressed in Curzon's famous injunction to one of his wives: 'Ladies don't move!' (I suppose he didn't consider Elinor Glyn a lady.) Socialists, who favour the discernible present trend towards a matriarchal society, really ought to try to put some of their feminist ideals into their propaganda. I suppose the slogan at election time: 'Vote Tory and stay frigid!' would be hardly permissible, but there is ground for thinking that the poor Tory flogging-ladies are not fully satisfied. However, one or two trifling adjustments may be necessary to our own party image before we shall be ready to save them – or they will be ready to accept our kind of salvation.

* * *

East End again. I can't keep away. Night life this time. And really it turned out to be enthralling, a genuine sociological revelation. I'd been promised by Dan Farson, who lives in Limehouse, that he would take me to pubs where the Zeitgeist could be found. I cruised down in a taxi stopping at one or two old haunts. *The Prospect of Whitby*, whatever they do to its inside, remains deliciously situated at the end of Wapping Wall. Lighted ships glide past you like great ghost scenery drawn up river on strings. Even so, 4s. 1d. is a fierce price to charge for a single brandy and ginger ale. *The Grapes* in Narrow Street, in spite of its Dickens Room, has kept some of its W. W. Jacobs atmosphere. But the night's real objectives were away from the river, not in Limehouse at all. Farson made me promise not to print their names because they are crowded enough as it is without any influx of West-enders. We went to three of them, huge pubs, big as churches. There was a formidable amount of local talent, jazz bands that blew the roof off, and at least one Cockney singer, Queenie Watts, who had commercial possibilities. This tall dark matriarchal lady seemed a new type of East-End *persona*. She was more in the line of a Cockney-Balzacian *femme de trente ans* than the chirpy Marie Lloyd.

* * *

Late by the time we got to the last pub, and it was so jam-packed I didn't see how we could possibly make the bar. But as soon as we started shoving we oozed through. The atmosphere in all three pubs was extraordinarily sociable and friendly, and seemingly healthy. You got no sensation of a sick society here. Not a Ted in sight. The men, nearly all youngish, well dressed. The girls were absolutely smashing. East End girls have always been good looking, especially some of those flashing young Jewesses who give off a kind of bloom even when under-nourished. Now they get plenty to eat and can afford new clothes and hair-dos ranging from the most complicated pagoda styles, they look like film stars.

I don't know why I should have been so surprised by what is after all a fairly obvious manifestation of present London working-class prosperity, but I had never been hit in the eye by it before.

It was gay with a distinctly un-English – unpudding English anyway – air. A little perhaps like the Bal à Jo in the Rue de Lappe before the war, only not sleezy without any vice. The sharp sparrow-witted cockney locals were very alive to their own social implications, and the tabloid attitude towards them. One said to Farson, who is very popular with them and accepted as one of themselves: 'We're no use to you Dan, for your telly. Tell you why. Because we're not a flipping problem to anybody, see'.

* * *

The man I'd like to take to see the new gay clean night life of the young East End is Sir Oliver Franks of Lloyds Bank. I expect I'd have a terrible job dragging him there. This survival from the era of nonconformist primitive accumulation, as described in Tawney's master work, always gives me the impression that he thinks the working classes ought to be putting coal in their television sets. He seemed to be complaining in his speech the other day that it was the lowest paid strata, those with £15 a week and under, who were spending far too much. Though, as ever with bankers and economists, he was bristling with contradictions. Reading him was almost like being back in the Thirties, when one of the banks would offer you at the counter a choice of leaflets entitled: *Spend For Unemployment; Save For Economy; Thirty-nine Advantages Of A Current Account.* And so turns the wheel.

* * *

And now pop goes the poor old crocodile. Surely the Duke of Edinburgh has proved his virility amply enough without any further overt demonstration. Today, when all the world's a suburb, Nimrod is in danger of becoming a figure of fun. For once he might have taken a leaf out of unmentionable Uncle David's book. Windsor gave up big-game shooting entirely and fired only a ciné-camera on his last safari. I see the *Times of India* calls Kingsley Martin's protest (NS, 13 January) exaggerated and out of touch. I asked the most conservative young Indian I know in London, a Christian, for his reaction. He, a fervent supporter of monarchy and Commonwealth, said he must admit he did mildly deplore the battues. I note, though, that about speaking some Hindi the Queen seems to have taken Kingsley's advice – something she very rarely does, although the advice is often given.

* * *

Cecil Franklin of Routledge and Kegan Paul who died this week is another link with the Twenties gone. The 'To-day and To-morrow' series, which Kegan Paul published, was one of the cultural trend-pointers. Even more so was the 'International Library', edited by the formidable polymath and clock-maniac, the late C. K. Ogden. This begat the present sociological series. Franklin himself was a small kindly diffident man with pebble-thick glasses. He fired me once and was so nice about it that I never felt the slightest resentment. A member of an Anglo-Jewish banking clan, his entry into publishing was mildly piquant. After he came down from Oxford a family council was held. 'Cecil', said his father, 'you cannot possibly join the bank because your eyesight is so bad you'll never be able to read the figures.' Cecil said he would like to be a publisher. This was thought to be a respectable profession, eyesight or no eyesight, and a suitable firm was bought for his 21st birthday. He was installed, with William Swan Sonnenschein, the bibliographer who later changed his name to Stallybrass, as his editorial mentor. Sonnenschein was later succeeded by Fred Warburg, and he by Thomas Ragge, whose widow Franklin married. Cecil himself was a shrewd businessman with a flair for minute organisational detail. His card-punching system was unique; he was perhaps never so happy as when taking part in the annual stock-taking at the firm's oriental book shop in Great Russell Street.

* * *

I asked a young French post-graduate student working on a thesis over here, if there is any academic literary critic in France today who corresponds to Dr Leavis. He shook his head vigorously and said: *L'oursin, ça ne se lit pas, ça se mange.*

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Royal Air Force Association . . . is organising a ball on midsummer's eve when there will be dancing in the hangar and a bar will be built beneath the aircraft. An air-raid shelter will be converted into a 'dug-out bar' strictly for men only, who will be subjected to a tape-recorded 'background' of air-raid sirens and bombs, ack-ack guns, and shouts of 'Scramble' and 'Bandits' . . . Those who arrived without a handlebar moustache would be issued with a false one to wear during the evening. – *Guardian.* (L.A.C.)

A nude female figure in wood has been rejected by Walsall Council as a decoration for their new £300,000 swimming-pool.

They fear youths might be inclined to strike matches on it. – *Daily Mail.* (M. D. Luxton.)

How do you get into the minds of young people these days? I'll tell you how I succeeded. My daughter had broken a plant pot in her room a week ago and yesterday the pieces were still lying there on the floor.

I had had enough. I borrowed a toy revolver from my son, and donned a mask. As she came in, with a tense command, 'Git goin',' I forced her at gunpoint up to her room and indicated the job to be done. Instead of snarling, 'Ya can't git away with this,' she cleared up the mess and brightly inquired, 'What's for tea, mummy?' – Letter in *Daily Express.* (George Hall.)

Leaving out the National Anthem is like spending a nice evening with friends and then letting oneself out at the back door. – Letter in *Evening News.* (G. Roy.)

A London-born Roman Catholic missionary, Father R. H. Lesser, who has been working among the primitive Bhil tribesmen in Rajasthan, presented the Queen with a bow and six arrows for Prince Charles. – *Guardian.* (Elaine M. Dewar.)

A Rotten Domicile

AUDREY HARVEY

It was no mystical illusion that I had been here before, and yet time seemed to be up to tricks. Five years ago I had pushed my way, as now, through the rain and had turned away from the dock traffic at the corner of the churchyard – shades of *Our Mutual Friend* – into this little street.

Bomb-bashed though it is, there is no more Dickensian street in London. Running narrowly between dark brick cottages, plain on one side, breaking out into bow windows and chipped wooden pilasters on the other, it stops short at the feudal gates of a factory. As I waited outside Number 38, while the watch-dog was being chained in the yard, a ship hooted on the river, just as it had before.

The same tiny old woman, a little more naked about the scalp, opened the door; and her married daughter Violet, who had that morning pressed me to come, led us in necessary single file. 'Ever seen a passage like it?' Its tilt did suggest that this corner house might at any moment topple sideways into the alleyway. One of its chimney-stacks had already done so – unaccountably missing the rent collector.

In the pocket-sized kitchen, loyal with Queenly calendars but with headroom for stunted subjects only, new wallpaper sagged like limp skin. Nothing would stick to walls as damp as these, and anything kept in the alcove cupboard rapidly grew green mould. What food the old lady could buy with her pension – she scorned National Assistance – had to be kept in her gas cooker.

'And look where Mum has to fetch her water', Violet indignantly croaked. Through the rain I made out a tap across the yard, but the old lady had to go much further, picking her way among broken paving stones to what looked like a dilapidated hen-house, but was the lavatory. She is 77.

'Now I'll show you where Dad had to lay'. The front room has not been used since last year, when soaked brown plaster from the ceiling fell on Dad as he waited on the leatherette couch for his funeral, having died of chest trouble. Here, water seeping down through two upper floors had made a curious escape out through the wall and into the street. Beloved faces in Service caps, peering through photograph frames, had come out in sepia blotches.

The third sodden little ground-floor room, in which the old lady now sleeps alone, was shrouded in a gloom of desolation. We shut the door, squeezed past the piano – placed for dryness at the foot of the stairs – and mounted gingerly with Violet hissing: 'Watch out you don't bump your nut. The whole of this lot came down last year. A rotten domicile I call it.'

The word struck oddly, but only for a moment. It was as good a term of derision as any for what was no longer either house or home. These five little country bedrooms had been empty, because unusable, for the last eight years. Only to an outsider could there be anything beautiful in the intricate flaking and bubbling of their surfaces. On the top floor the long crack had widened since I saw it last – 'When it gets to three inches,' the district surveyor had kindly told them, 'you can let me know'. An old bath stood among debris under the hole in the ceiling and Violet, who lives nearby, had that morning baled out nine buckets-full, sloshing them furiously out of the window and calling on heaven to witness that, if she didn't, her mother could drown like a rat in a hold.

Like innumerable other tenants of slum property, her mother has no idea who her landlord is. So SOS messages for repairs are sent to the agent, a notorious character operating from snug offices up West, who, it is believed, uses them to light his cigar. Certainly the fact that there is an ancient certificate of disrepair on this house need not disturb him. For while he can't raise the inclusive controlled rent of £1 a week, he can go on collecting it. Indeed, during the 20 years of this tenancy, he has collected well over £1,000; and goodness knows how much more the house has brought its owners during a life at least six times as long.

As for Public Health notices, no one knows better than the agent what he can do with them. Months will necessarily pass before the first and the final one. And in any case he can stave off prosecution by sending round a man with a ladder who will stay on the roof for perhaps ten minutes doing something mysterious with a bucket of pitch. Why worry if, three weeks later, the rain comes seeping through again?

Of course this agent, like others of his ilk hereabouts, does sometimes get caught. Incessant rain produces unmanageable crops of notices. But, given an inexperienced inspector, he may come before a lay magistrate at petty sessions who, not inconceivably, may be a property owner himself, may even subscribe to the theory that until this government achieves its aim of total decontrol – so enabling rents to be raised on houses such as this one – property owners simply cannot be expected to repair. Experience has shown that, even in the magistrates' court, a fine of £10, extractable a couple of months later, is usually the worst that need be feared, although the maximum is £2 a day until the repairs are done.

But one question remains. Why are all councils not obliged to follow the example of those who themselves carry out the repairs, at a much cheaper rate than the landlord could, and either send in their bill or collect the rent instead?

Fewer unfit houses would be the obvious result; and it is scarcely encouraging to recall that in 1955 the number of unfit houses was officially estimated to be 850,000 – nearly twice as many as in 1938. After five years of clearance, closure and ministerial boasting, at least 600,000 of these still remain – in England and Wales alone. Standards of what is suitable for human habitation of course vary in different parts of the country. But it is a significant and terrifying fact that this particular little house, plainly dying on its foundations, has never to this day been declared unfit.

The explanation of course lies in the deliberate crippling of local authority building by the government. Since tenants of individually unfit houses in great congested cities now cannot be rehoused for several years, there is less point than formerly in condemning the houses. Besides, the demolition or closure of a terrace house has ill-effects on its neighbours. But, much more important and kept a deadly secret, local authorities now need to keep these hovels open for people who are homeless or hopelessly overcrowded. When Violet's mother dies, some wretched family – perhaps two or three – will move in here and be thankful to pay a decontrolled rent for the privilege.

As I was leaving, the old lady very quietly said: 'I don't mind telling you, I shall put my hands together if I ever get out of here.' And certainly a miracle is needed if her exit is not to be feet foremost. She has no priority on the LCC's waiting-list because she can hardly be said to be overcrowded, is not desperately ill, is not a 'problem family' or a retired council employee; and, anyway, has been on the list for only ten years. All the same odd things do happen. Many people in this street thought it hardly right when the very young couple from over the way got that nice one-bedroom flat after only 15 months on the list, even though some do say that they had been declared maladjusted by the Welfare. The wry joke, however, is that, now they've got their one-bedroom flat (commonly thought to be reserved exclusively for old people), they're expecting twins.

Enquiries about this little house have since brought stunning answers. One is that although it stands in one of the LCC's high-priority development areas, it is not coming down as part of any clearance scheme before 1972 – and is most unlikely to do so, according to those in the know, before AD 2000. Another is the reason for this delay: it is planned to build not houses here, but (never mind decentralisation) factories. Nor in the interval, so confidently forecast, will the authorities consider putting up prefabs, even in the bomb-gaps. When I suggested this – again, five years ago – I was told that more prefabs would look like a confession of failure. Indeed they would.

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A Frontier Dispute

ANTHONY CARSON

We left Titograd – Léonie, Henri and myself – and set off for Skoplje which is more or less on the direct road to the Greek frontier. The road was hilly, fertile and wooded, with odd houses like beehives, and little boys who ran out selling wood, strawberries and wild flowers. Léonie brought out her camera, and this immediately infuriated me, not because I have antagonistic feelings towards photography, but because I knew that she disliked Yugoslavia and wanted to record it merely as a souvenir of exoticism in the terrible provincial winter. The camera needed a certain amount of adjustment because the houses had the convex slope of women in labour, and you had to bank them accurately against the horizon.

We were adjusting these delicacies, when a man began signalling to me. He had the kind of face you associate with car salesmen or minor officials in a concentration camp. He was dressed in civilian clothes, but this didn't detract from his innate authority – the singular danger of the wasp, or the smiling legs of the spider. He kept signalling, and Léonie lowered her camera. Then he walked over to us, followed by two indulgent-looking women. We thought it was a sort of joke, but it wasn't. His nose narrowed to a proboscis and I was profoundly aware of his cold, yellow eyes, the ancient eyes of the petty torturer.

In fact he was a policeman. He snatched the camera from Léonie's hand and made signs that he wanted to take the film out of the camera. Léonie reacted splendidly, shouting at him with her French provincial eyes blazing, and the policeman stepped back. I then made a rather ridiculous charade, pointing to the beehive house and imitating the actions of a painter with his brushes, palette, and canvas, intending to show that our actions in photographing the building were harmless and artistic. I was half-destroyed by the sneer, and we were all pushed ignominiously back into the car, betrayed by beauty, ridiculed by the local poison of eight beehive-houses.

We drove on, and an hour later, entered a rich, golden-green valley with tall trees and grass-swollen meadows. It was an area of happiness, and the car seemed to stop itself automatically. Far down the road a horseman came riding, a brown, wild man on a brown, wild horse, and as he came closer I had the distinct impression that he was familiar. Léonie gave a shout of excitement and made Henri stop the car, then jumped out with her camera. The man on the horse began laughing. He was the man on the moon, and we were the first there. He had the red dust of the valleys on his skin, and his horse was as rough as a gorse bush.

He spoke a few words of German, always laughing, and pointed at me. The horse edged forward nicking at my aura, bridling into my face. I tried not to step back – it would be victory for the red man in the moon; but I did, and he laughed like a gale, still pointing. 'Good horse,' he cried, 'who are you?'

'England,' I said.

'So this is England,' he said. He looked at me hard, like a man making a map, and I stepped back further from the spite and spittle of the horse, hollow and un-English and half-eaten by the French.

'He looks like you,' said Léonie, 'although he's much younger and stronger and better-looking and he hasn't got a paunch.' I stared back at the sunny red horseman and knew, quicker than light, that he was what I should have been.

We drove on and entered Skoplje. It is loud, violent and suspicious. You have really crossed a frontier to a land where people think different thoughts and an angular alphabet teases and confounds the eye. Songs unwind like snakes, glitter among the gigantic fruit and the old men dying secretly in their bones, and finally vanish under the shabby wheels of the traffic. We left after one night for the frontier. Greece filled our minds like a gigantic lighthouse beaming hope through a storm.

My particular worry was concerned with my money declaration; it had been tapping at a secret nerve since Split. I mentioned my trouble to Léonie but she immediately jeered at me. 'You English and your school troubles,' she cried. 'They are all the same, sporting children riddled with guilt.'

'You don't understand,' said Henri, who admired Churchill and the Royal Family; 'it could be a serious matter. And I am involved, he lent me all these dinars'.

'Absolute rubbish. There are no schoolmasters at the frontier,' said Léonie; 'you won't have to take down your trousers.'

Suddenly the road became truly infernal. As this was one of the principal roads from Greece, they had decided to repair it and were ploughing it up, obstructing it with mountains of earth, by-routing it and flinging huge rocks in every direction. Students were at work on this project and they waved at us through clouds of choking dust as we repeatedly took the wrong track and ended up in rabbit warrens or dried river beds. Finally we were near the longingly desired frontier. There was a huge river, with men swimming in it during the tea-break, and a twisting horror of a road leading a mile or two to freedom.

'The frontier,' cried Léonie. 'Freedom and civilisation'. She looked like a young girl. We pulled up at the customs building and showed our passports. Nobody spoke any language but Macedonian. However, from a few scattered words of German I managed to gather that they wanted our money declarations. I pretended not to understand, but the official looked quite threatening. I handed mine over, and he looked at it upside down. It was obvious he couldn't read it. He tossed it on to a pile of other money declarations which lay on a table, and it fell to the floor where a strange-looking dog seized it and ran away.

Another official then approached us with our passports in his hand. 'English?' he said to me and I nodded. 'Good,' he cried, as though I had passed a stiff examination; '*Schon. Gut.*' He clapped me on the back and I felt quite proud. 'French?' he then said, pointing at Henri and Léonie; 'Bad. *Slecht. Nicht gut.*' There was a lot of shouting. In the next few seconds Léonie aged ten years. After the shouting had subsided, we learnt that the French couple were a day too late at the frontier, having only a transit visa, whereas I, with a tourist visa, could proceed into the luminous land of Greece at once. They had to go back to the police station; of course I went with them.

Back we went past the river and the swimming students and on to the surrealist roads wih the mountains of earth and the rocks. Presently we found a village police station and climbed upstairs. There were two policemen sitting at a table, one young and brutal-looking, the other elderly and avuncular. I had a feeling that we were expected, that this was the slow opening to an old, long play. They looked at the French passports backwards and forwards and upside down, and the good uncle rang up the frontier on the telephone. 'Not good', he said, 'not good.'

'What do we do?' asked Henri.

'The Chief', said the uncle.

At that moment we heard other cars drawing up, and the room began to fill with people. Four young men were bustled in and stood with their backs against the wall. I spoke to one of them and he told me they were German. 'Transit visa trouble', he said. 'This place is a trap, particularly for Germans. They don't really like us, you see.'

'What about the Chief?' I asked.

'Nobody has ever seen him', said the young man.

A man in shirt-sleeves and carpet-slippers entered the room. You could tell he was a policeman because he had an exceptionally brutal face and one of his knuckles was bleeding. 'All out', he shouted in four languages. 'All out. All out.' We were pushed out of the room on to the staircase outside the door, and I suddenly started laughing. I caught the eye of the avuncular policeman and he started laughing too. I had been right; it was a play.

We hung about downstairs in the courtyard and I tried to share the joke with Henri and Léonie; but they didn't like it. 'You and your bloody English sense of humour', shouted Henri; and Léonie turned her back on me. Then we were told that the Chief would be round at three o'clock, and we drove off to a terrible kind of café where we got quite drunk. When we returned to the police-station, one of the Germans told me the Chief had arrived. 'At least I imagine he's the Chief', he said, 'but he's rather odd, I must say. He's got bare feet and he's wearing a singlet.' He also told me that one of his companions who had been too persistent about asking where the prison was, was now inside. 'You've got to be fairly tactful here.'

The Chief was indeed wearing a singlet and he had bare feet. Also he was unshaven and his eyes were bloodshot and glowed with sudden, unpredictable eruptions of terrible anger. You had to be careful of him, obviously. He gave me one or two smiles and I thought that perhaps we were inside the strange, sadistic circle; but suddenly, for no apparent reason, he erupted. He started off grilling Henri. Everybody acted as interpreter. 'Where was your grandfather born?' 'What was your mother's maiden name?' The Chief's eyes blazed danger signals and he ran out of the room. By this time Henri was laughing too. 'I'm on the wave-length', he said; 'it is all a work of art.'

Ten minutes later the Chief returned with a professional interpreter and we started all over again. Half-an-hour later the forms were all filled in, and we were told we could set off for the frontier: 'And that's the end of work for today', said the Chief through the interpreter. He locked the drawers and the cupboards, and walked out. We waved goodbye to the Germans and raced for the frontier, past the rocks, the river and the swimming students. We arrived almost singing.

'Everything is in order', said an official at the barrier, 'except for one thing.' He pointed at me. 'Your money declaration', he said.

I felt the old sickness. 'A dog . . .' I began.

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Correspondence

HM FASHION HOUSE

Sir, – There were certain points in Dr Reyner Banham's attack last week on the Council of Industrial Design to which I will give serious study. But there were others, apart from his choice of epithets, with which I profoundly disagree.

For him to say that 'concern at this state of affairs [the retention of faulty products in the Design Index] does not run very deep' and then to justify such an assumption by quoting a factual statement by myself that the Council of Industrial Design has no facilities for quality testing, is deliberately misleading. The standard of products in the Design Index is a permanent preoccupation of all of us who work in or for the Council.

We are certainly not concerned only with the appearance of a product. In our task of selection we rely not only on the accumulated experience of the Council's industrial officers and of the architects, designers and retailers who give their services, but also on the experience of outside technical advisers. We welcome the activities of *Which, Shoppers Guide,* the Retail Trading Standards Association and all other organisations for the protection of the public, and we refer any critical findings to our own advisers with a view to reconsideration for the Design Index.

We do not whip things out of the Index at the first word of criticism, tempting as that often is. We must in justice and commonsense study both sides of a criticism before taking action.

While I agree with Dr Banham on the importance of the functional aspects of design, what really disturbs me about his article is the underlying implication that elegance, style, beauty, taste and aesthetics have become dirty words and that to criticise a thing on its appearance or even to try to improve its appearance is neither realistic nor worthwhile. I very much doubt if the Council of Industrial Design would have done its job any more efficiently if it had been the Council for 'Man-Equipment Relationships' or whatever jargon must now be substituted for design.

When all the other considerations of good design have been properly met, looks do count, and it seems perfectly reasonable that they should be taken into consideration in running the Design Centre, attendance at which far from standing still has increased during the last seven months from an average of 2,200 to over 3,000 visitors a day, many of them trade buyers from home and abroad.

I am glad that Dr Banham approves of *Design* magazine and calls it a healthy and active arm of Council policy, which it is, healthy limbs not usually surviving on unhealthy bodies. But I am astonished that he should dispute the honesty of the published citation of the international award to the Council of the Compasso d'Oro, which praised it as 'the most efficient government organisation for the development and popularisation of good design'.

I am certain that encouragement of good design is best done in a country like this by persuasion and not by dictation. It is possible that the Council could have been given more power and sanctions but the short-term gains would have been far outweighed by the danger of official orthodoxies – which is not to say that the Council does not keep up the pressure on government departments and nationalised industries to set much higher standards.

Finally, two yardsticks by which the Council of Industrial Design's work can be measured are the employment and the status of designers in industry. I am confident that both have greatly increased to the national benefit since the Council came into being.

Paul Reilly
Director

The Council of Industrial Design
28 Haymarket, SW1

UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

Sir, – Perhaps this correspondence has not been entirely useless. The key passage in Kingsley Martin's letter, though dreadfully ambiguous, does seem to bridge the gap a little:

> The CND does not suggest, as Mr Mayhew must surely know, that our government should simply scrap everything without an attempt to persuade others to withdraw from this lunatic competition. The unilateralist does, however, hold that if we fail to persuade others, the best hope of ending the deadlock would still be for Britain unilaterally to refuse to rely on the nuclear deterrent.

At least this means (otherwise it would be meaningless) that *immediate* unilateral renunciation would be wrong, and that we should stick to the nuclear deterrent for a temporary period, during multilateral negotiations.

This is a welcome step forward for CND, and surely implies that the possession of nuclear weapons and bases is not always foolish and wrong, and can sometimes actually help towards disarmament. Which is what I was trying to say myself.

Christopher Mayhew

House of Commons

Sir, – On 18 February, about the time that the depot ship for Polaris submarines is expected in the Clyde, Earl Russell and Rev. Michael Scott will lead a radical demonstration outside the Ministry of Defence in London demanding the scrapping of the Polaris agreement and the abolition of all nuclear weapons from Britain. The demonstration is being organised by the Committee of 100 which was set up recently to organise non-violent resistance to preparations for nuclear war.

Some 2,000 demonstrators are needed for this protest who will serve notice on the government that they can no longer stand aside while preparations are being made for the destruction first step in a new campaign of radical action of mankind. May I appeal to any of your readers who are interested in participating in this demonstration, or in the supporting march and rally, to write to me immediately?

Michael Randle
Secretary

Committee of 100
13 Goodwin Street, N4

THE RAT RACE BEGINS AT SEVEN

I am quite convinced that the troubles with young people are a direct result of rejection at 11-plus which, whatever the pundits may say, gives them a feeling of inferiority. Friendships made in Primary schooldays are broken, family friendships are broken and the children who have to accept whatever comes their way are deeply hurt. Prior to the 11-plus test parents are usually invited to the school attended by their children and are told how much better it will be for the less academically minded to go a Secondary Modern where they will receive an education more suited to their talents. This sounds charming and may be all right in theory, but as far as the children are concerned it turns many of them into little cynics.

Faced with this choice we decided to send our grand-daughter to a convent, where we knew that she would have a good general education, where she would be enabled to tackle GCE and where she would be expected to behave as a civilised member of society. I can never understand why a move is not made to a senior school for all children at 11-plus and the choice between academic or technical subjects made at 14, when the children themselves would be ready to make a choice concerning their own future with a greater degree of success for all, teachers, parents and the children.

Helena M. Hughes

2, Preston Park Avenue
Brighton

Sir, – May I, as briefly as possible, give an interpretation of educational development since the war that differs somewhat from the one presented by Mr St John Reade?

Before the war the great need for reform in the Grammar schools lay in the fact that many potential scholars were excluded for purely financial reasons, whereas many comparative dullards were there because their parents were ready to make the sacrifies involved. In the early days of reform after the war it seemed likely that we should very largely remedy this, and greatly improve the position of such schools both educationally and socially.

Some 16 years later we have indeed produced a state of affairs in which no boy or girl need be deprived of Grammar school entry in the way that was all too common previously. There have also been fresh developments that have almost, if not quite, nullified success in this respect; for there are now in our Grammar schools a very considerable proportion of pupils who have the degree of mental agility necessary to pass the 11-plus, but who lack (or refuse to acquire) the temperamental equipment necessary for a scholar. They are in the school of right, but they fail to offer the disciplined and humble approach to knowledge that a Grammar school should claim.

Some of the reasons for this seem to be: (a) the failure of the 11-plus exam. to test any qualities but those of pure mental quickness; (b) the failure of so many homes to cooperate with the school (it is here that one of the proper functions of boarding school education would seem to lie; (c) the abandonment of the old School Certificate examination, which, though not by any means perfect, was at least not an encouragement for the wavering student to turn away from what requires most sustained effort to that which offers the most immediate reward.

D. Willott

22 Hafan, Bala, Merioneth

Sir, – As one of the products of state schools I take strong exception to Mr Armitage's implied suggestion that I use a foul vocabulary and indulge in indecent behaviour. For his information, I don't swear – and neither do many of my fellow-artisans at our factory. The main factor in this is surely character and home background, not the school.

From my reading (or from the examples I have met) I certainly haven't gained the impression that private (misnamed Public) schools inculcate decent behaviour. Learning can't make people good or decent; but it can help to give a broader outlook.

D. W. Duhy

35, Banneston Road, SE6

STUDENT GRANTS

Sir, – Sir David Eccles may be about to announce some easing of the 'means-test' applied to parents of students with university grants. This would be welcome, even if it does not go so far as the abolition proposed by the Anderson Committee last year. Yet the anomalies of the system may well be left untouched. My own case, where an anomaly has forced me to become a waiter, has received much publicity, but there are many others in a similar plight.

My parents are unable (not unwilling) to contribute to the extent required by the means-test. My father is in the professional group earning between £1,000 and £1,500 a year, and halfway through my second year he found he could not make up the £54 a year for term-time maintenance assessed on him, nor support me in the vacations. I had in fact been almost self-supporting from the time I came up to Oxford.

The commitments ignored by the means test were heavy business losses and reverses in previous years which involved repayment of a bank loan: what capital he had was used in living expenses. He lacked adequate insurance on his own life, and had no superannuation though he is over 50. He had to make some provision for

LIFE IS EXHILARATING . . .

Swing high, swing low . . . one little mortal, at any rate, is extremely gay. But surely life is gayer today for us all? In those drab days just post-war, it seemed that colour had been drained right out of our lives—now it's back again. I.C.I.'s top-selling paints, like 'Dulux' and 'Du-lite', have rejuvenated homes, made offices and factories gay places to work in. Look, too, at the streets—the exciting colour schemes of the cars, the variety and brilliance of colour in summer dresses. These are developments that owe much to the genius of I.C.I.'s colour chemists. By devising paints that make painting a pleasure, by developing the world's first fibre-reactive dyes—the 'Procion' and 'Procinyl' ranges, of extraordinary richness and fastness—they have helped to make life for the rest of us really exhilarating.

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my mother and himself in the future. I also have a younger brother at a secondary school who has a prior claim to myself, since my father properly assumed I could now fend for myself.

I wrote to the education authority from which I received my award, the Surrey County Council, explaining my circumstances and pointing out that I could not manage on a grant which left me £96 a year after paying for board and lodging, vacation expenses, books, clothes and so on. My letter was supported by others from my father and my college. It was five months, and after repeated letters, before I received an effective reply – in which time I was living on bank overdraft. I was told that in the following year my grant would be cut by £100 because my father's income was under-assessed!

My statement that my parents could receive no further help was answered in one sentence: 'It has been clearly established in the majority of cases that the grants are adequate for the purposes for which they are intended.' Surrey may have acted entirely within the regulations, but the result was that I had to leave my college and hundreds of pounds so far spent on me have been written off.

Surely something could be done about this situation. As the Anderson Committee pointed out, there are many students whose parents are divorced, or whose surviving parent has re-married, or are adopted, where a formal assessment is meaningless. There are also cases where a parent may, for personal reasons that are unworthy, repudiate any obligation to help a son or daughter through university. And I have just heard of a brilliant boy, who is illegitimate, whose mother is dead and whose natural father refuses to assist him: his education authority refuses to regard him as an orphan.

A complete abolition of the means test would meet the case. But if that is too much, at least the harsher anomalies should be removed.

MICHAEL BARNES

Randolph Hotel,
Oxford

USES OF SOCIOLOGY

SIR, – In his review of my book, *Political Man*, which you saw fit to publish under the heading 'Lipset's Nightmare', Ralph Samuel never presents or argues with the main theses of the book, which contradicts his own political perspective, but rather presents a number of statements about supposed specific items in the book to demonstrate how ridiculous and distorted are my methods and theories of the world and politics. Every specific item which he cites is distorted or in most cases simply incorrect. I have tried to document these statements in an earlier longer letter to you which you indicate was much too long for publication. I would like, therefore, simply to indicate a few of these items for the benefit of your readers.

Mr Samuel suggests that 'in place of judgment, he offers tests of "statistical significance." But there is not a single test of statistical significance used in this or any other of my books. Mr Samuel refers to my use of a 'Norwegian by-election poll'. There is no reference to a Norwegian by-election poll in my book. Mr Samuel reports that I described Israel as a 'backward democracy'. I can find no use of the phrase 'backward democracy' which Mr Samuel quotes as coming from *Political Man* in any reference to Israel, but what is more, I cannot find any use of the phrase anywhere in the book.

Mr Samuel says I call Cuba and Venezuela 'stable dictatorships'. The facts are as reported on pages 47-48 that, in order to compare the traits of the more democratic with the less democratic countries, I divided the Latin-American countries, most of which have been undemocratic for much of their history, into two groups based on 'whether a given country has had a history of more or less free elections for most of the post-World War I period.' Does Mr Samuel believe that Fidel Castro or Ramon Betancourt would argue with my placing Cuba and Venezuela in the category of countries which have not had free elections for most of the period since World War I? Apparently, Mr Samuel believes that Castro overthrew a stable democratic regime.

Mr Samuel finds that 'almost everyone, in his description, seems to vote Conservative. In fact, my principal chapter on voting has two major sub-headings: 'Left Voting: A response to Group Needs' and 'Social Conditions Affecting Left Voting'.

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

Yale University

[RALPH SAMUEL *writes*: Professor Lipset sees many points in my review. There was one: that he was reckless in his handling of evidence, and used his facts indiscriminately to support improbable comparisons. The examples I gave, chosen for brevity, could be duplicated from almost every page of *Political Man*.

(1) Arguments resting solely or principally on tests of statistical significance, generally untested against other information, are to be found on at least 76 pages of the book.

(2) The Norwegian by-election, mentioned on p 125, may perhaps be a local one: the reference is to a 'political contest' The theory it supports is based on the differential political behaviour of 82 per cent of 11 fundamentalist Lutherans and 39 per cent of 21 Communists.

(3) My quotation and complaint about Israel was that Mr Lipset listed it among countries (as dissimilar as Turkey, Lebanon and Japan) characterised by the 'retention of political legitimacy by Conservative groups'. 'Backward democracy' was my own term for his description of the Afro-Asian political situation, in which context he has oddly placed Israel, solely, it seems, on account of its largish Communist Party. He never seems to consider the individual character of the countries he lumps together on arbitrary criteria.

(4) He calls Cuba and Venezuela 'stable dictatorships' on p. 49. Dictatorships that have recently been overthrown cannot be called 'stable'. It is a queer method of correlating modernisation and democracy that Mr Lipset uses: it places France, Germany and Albania among the backward and less literate countries.

(5) The fact that Mr Lipset is even more exhaustive in listing Left voters - and also groups with fascist and 'non-voting' predispositions – illustrates my point which was that he found 'disproportionate correlations' almost everywhere he looked for them.]

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

SIR, – If it was not a slip of the pen that made V. S. Pritchett, in his review of Graham Greene's *A Burnt-Out Case*, describe Parkinson as 'a grotesque American newshound', somebody's Americanaphobia has reached the stage of hallucinations.

We do some silly things and have lots to answer for; but we don't use 'bloody' as an oath in every other sentence, and we don't work for the 'popular Sunday newspapers' that don't exist in the United States. In short, Parkinson isn't ours.

WALTER H. WAGGONER

The New York Times
London, WC2

STEEL BOARD

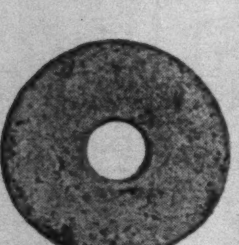
SIR, – Your Industrial Correspondent (NEW STATESMAN, 13 January) couples with his references to 'the public-relations activities of the steel barons' a mention of 'Iron and Steel Board's analysis of the future (*The Outlook for Steel*). The publication he refers to came from the Iron and Steel Federation, which represents the industry. This Board represents the public interest, and holds no other brief.

J. F. AYLARD
Press Officer

Iron and Steel Board
London, SW1

LOOK AT THE CHANGE!

In many countries purchasers who cannot read identify small sums of money by the shape rather than the inscription of each coin used. One such coin may incidentally be used to buy a Gospel. This is often the first book of any kind to be acquired by thousands of new readers every year in many lands. To provide the Holy Scriptures in clear type and illustrated format specially designed to help these new readers of Asia and Africa is only one of the varied and costly enterprises of:



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Way We Love Now

V. S. PRITCHETT

In modern literature sex has come in at the door and love has flown out of the window. The aim of Mr Bayley's book of critical essays* on three love stories: Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, Shakespeare's *Othello* and Henry James's *The Golden Bowl*, and on the novel in general, is to show what has been lost and to see what might be regained. He is a guarded, scholarly and often difficult writer, more interesting to me in his very independent views on the novel and the tendency of his criticism, than in his textual precisions. He is fundamentally concerned with the decline of interest in character in the novel which, to my mind, points to the general decline of the novel itself. And by character he does not mean 'characters'; he is very sharp with Mrs Poyser. It is noticeable and, perhaps, significant now that the only place where we see character dominating is in the new theatre.

But what has this to do with love? Winding our way back through Mr Bayley's arguments we can see that this may have everything to do with it. From sex we shall go back to the romantic vision of love, from that to depersonalisation, until we reach those artists, Tolstoy, Jane Austen, Scott, Shakespeare and Chaucer who do not impress an idea on us, but who see the feelings and actions of men and women in relation to the whole of life. In short, this is conversative criticism. Its weakness, in my opinion, is exposed by Mr Bayley's ingenious defence of the end of *The Golden Bowl*. No one doubts that the conventional may be 'good', but – at whose cost, at what moral price, and on what level? Think of Maggie Verver and all hope abandon, if that is what a good woman is like. She was mousey, hardheaded and complacent.

Mr Bayley knows that in fighting back on behalf of 'the whole of life' he can only hope nowadays for minor gains – for where is any life that has undamaged wholeness in the modern world, from our point of view or the novelist's? In the opening essay he puts Tolstoy and Lawrence side by side as types of the classical and romantic novelist:

> Most novelists today would feel it their duty to be quite explicit about the occasion when Anna and Vronsky first made love; how dressed or undressed, on what sofas, in what bed, with what subterfuges as regards maids, valets, chance visitors etc. and what degree of physical satisfaction. Tolstoy gives no impression either of avoiding these things or of being interested in them for neither do Anna and Vronsky. Where Flaubert would have meticulously described the setting as something quite separate from the lovers' feelings, Tolstoy is only concerned with what really impresses itself at this moment on Anna and Vronsky: how her sense of guilt craves for forgiveness . . .

On the subject of sex we shall certainly not take Tolstoy, of all people, as our guide: still the point is made. 'Love is preoccupied with our uniqueness: love is the potentiality of men and women which keeps them interested in each other'; whereas sex is predictable, even mechanical, something that makes us no longer unique. Mr Bayley is not inveighing against sex; he simply thinks we lose as novelists when we make it the climax – where indeed it is now a cliché – the end rather than the means. If we are interested only in that, we are forced to an emphasis which is as intellectually indecorous and vulgar as Kipling's politics are, a charge that could be brought against *Lady Chatterley*.

That fertile subject is dropped for a much larger and more profitable one: the romantic vision of love. The great Romantics are confident and despotic creators. They have a marvellous ear, Mr Bayley points out, for what is about to happen to us emotionally. Willingly we are absorbed into their world because they liberate and tell us how to love for the next ten years. Yet by doing so they also imprison us in their personal intensity; we live in a tremendous awareness, but it is theirs. And the odd thing is that in plunging us into the darkest and most mysterious emotions, they exercise our brains not our hearts. The famous phallic consciousness becomes itself an idea; so that in the romantic vision of sex or love or sexual love, the people of novels become states, genders, depersonalised idea. Lawrence himself felt trapped in his own world, although, as many have pointed out, his *Letters* show that in his life this was not so. We go to novelists of this kind because, for a time, they are said to 'do' something to us; the classical writers, Tolstoy, Jane Austen, Shakespeare – even Scott – do not have this desperate effect. We are not shut up in them. They are open. They are, in an almost ingenuous way, life.

But the important word, in Mr Bayley's diagnosis, is depersonalisation. As a novelist Lawrence held to this, as Meredith to a considerable though unhappy extent did also before him, and most novelists have done since. We live inside our novelists now; they offer us their consciousness and the novel and the times seem to require it. The notion of free, unmanipulated character apprehended by love and what Mr Bayley calls the delight in the existence of another person, has gone out, for we cannot say of the modern novelist's characters what Henry James said of Balzac's men and women, 'It was by loving them that he knew them, not by knowing them that he loved'.

I have picked out a few main items from Mr Bayley's argument; they have more bloom and flesh on them than my summary suggests. If we ask him why the modern novelist does not show us, as Chaucer did, 'the resources of human freedom' or 'resilience and unmeaning as well as shape and destiny', I think he would have several answers. First – to judge by his defence of *Othello* for its novelistic qualities – that dramatic poetry might revive him; Lawrence's virtues are those of the dramatic poet. Secondly, that the fault is with the romantic vision. My own view is that we are no longer interested in what distinguishes us, but only in what makes for common resemblance. We pretend otherwise, but individualism bores us. Modern science and politics bear in this direction. (Lawrence and Auden see a sick society: the former wants us *all* to have the phallic consciousness; Auden says *nobody* is well.) We are actually relieved when we hear that Oedipus or incest taboos unite us. We have been made to feel that a personal destiny is monstrous, and that for a spermatozoon to think there is anything in his success is sad.

Such a conditioning makes us, as I said before, more suited to the drama, where realism is never quite realism, and it is a good point in Mr Bayley's essay on *Othello* that it is a truly tragic work, being the tragedy of separateness, that is to say of nobody understanding anybody and being easily manipulated by the loveless intelligence of Iago – a situation close to our own. Yet, as poetic drama, it can put forcefully the differing points of view. The modern novelist is like Iago, outside the world of love, and an expert in knowing and placing. Like ourselves, he is a technician, anxious to use his portion of social freedom to display his part in the machine, to write of his predictable part in sex because it makes him interesting to himself without being interested in others.

Mr Bayley is crying for the moon, as far as the novel is concerned, if he would like to alter all this. We would have been indignant, say, in Mr Graham Greene's latest novel, a thoroughly depersonalised work, if anyone in the scene of that novel had had the inhuman effrontery to luxuriate in the possession of a character. On the other hand, as between *The Power and the Glory* and that book, we can see that character is precisely what has been lost and with it the fullest human charity. And this in a novelist who is, above all, charitable. The world will have to settle down before the novel does. And to my mind Mr Bayley gets into a difficulty when he analyses love as knowledge in Henry James's *The Golden Bowl*. But he starts off well. After arguing that James rediscovered in Europe the old 18th-century idea of Nature, Mr Bayley says shrewdly:

> What strikes us most about James's feeling sketch of the emptiness of the American scene is that it is no longer true – a mass of institutions, atmospheres and social complexities have sprung up to fill the gap – but that the American novelist still feels bound to behave as if it were true. Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, O'Hara, Carson McCullers etc. all *import* the needful requirement which will fill their

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* *The Characters of Love.* By JOHN BAYLEY. *Constable.* 21*s*.

> literary consciousness; they have no confidence in Nature manifesting itself in their surroundings.

And the same may be said of the English novelist: he *imports* his existentialism, anger, etc. because his own consciousness and not the free world is his subject.

But when Mr Bayley shows us Henry James rediscovering Nature in *The Golden Bowl*, when he agrees that Nature meant respect for the forms of life and society, our doubts begin. For, in this novel, Henry James strikes one as being uncritical of the forms – as he came tragically to know by 1915 – and of mistaking the worldly sagacity of Maggie Verver for goodness, when it was simply a piece of long-headed and successful intrigue against a woman franker and more vital than herself. In other words Henry James appears as much a borrower of respectability and the sagacious life as other American novelists have been of sin, crime and violence. I do not see – and perhaps Mr Bayley does not; it is not clear to me – that James is fundamentally less Narcissistic than other novelists of the romantic vision. He loved his consciousness before – in the Balzacian sense – he loved his characters.

Since imagination seems to fail nowadays, Mr Bayley is entitled to suggest that we do not understand each other because we are exhausted by the anxiety to be *aware* of each other:

> The novel importunes us with awareness of how suburban families live, or negroes, or intellectuals, or men in camps and prisons, or the young or the very old. But do we really understand anything from this? Doesn't the distance which the novelist's awareness puts between him and his material rather increase our sense of unreality, merging us in consciousness only, not in comprehension? And an indication of our real lack of understanding is our passion for knowing the worst: our awareness is appeased if it feels that nothing is being withheld from it.

Mr Bayley has an uncommonly independent mind.

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Sex and English Tradition

The Trial of Lady Chatterley: Regina v. Penguin Books Ltd. Ed. C. H. ROLPH. *Penguin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The trial of Penguin Books for the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was an important legal landmark as the first case brought under the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, provided entertainment for millions of newspaper readers, and, through the resultant publicity, ensured that hundreds of thousands more people would purchase the book than would have done so without the prosecution. In publishing the transcript of the trial, brilliantly edited by C. H. Rolph, while memories are still not completely confused, Penguin books have performed yet another public service.

Mr Rolph has shortened the repetitions, referred the quotations which were read out to the appropriate place in the Penguin edition, but otherwise, as far as I can tell, has presented everything spoken in court. He has called attention to the legal implications of the various rulings and interpretations of the law, and to the possible effect of some of the statements by the lawyers or the witnesses on the jury. His sympathies are fairly openly with the defence, but he does not allow this bias to distort the presentation. The book is entertaining and instructive reading; only another lawyer could profitably comment on the legal interpretations.

This trial dramatises a clash between two systems of values which are today both held with fervour by large groups within English society. The values of the defence, what might be called the liberal values with a small 'l', are explicit enough: the overriding importance and validity of the arts, the desirability of individual happiness including a satisfactory sex life for everybody, the shamefulness of prudery ('false' is almost a fixed epithet in this context), and open-mindedness and criticism of our society as good in themselves. But the values of the prosecution are much more obscure and puzzling, though perhaps even more passionately held, as witness the assorted attempts to get the judgment of the court reversed by various quasi-legal devices.

The values of the prosecution are obscure because they are almost completely inarticulate. By this I do not intend a criticism of the advocacy of Mr Griffith-Jones, the interjections and summing-up of Mr Justice Byrne, or the splutters of indignation from various members of Parliament and the public on the verdict. They poured forth enough words, but these were only as it were a mask for the deep feelings which were outraged at making *Lady Chatterley's Lover* available to every lad or lass with 3*s.* 6*d.* to spend. They felt in their bones (in their blood, perhaps Lawrence would have said) that a great deal of what they held to be important or sacred was violated by the wide dissemination of this book; but their values were inarticulate, because it is the nature of traditional values to be so. In trying to rationalise these feelings, Mr Griffith-Jones, the sole spokesman for the traditional values, apart from some animadversions from the Bench, was made to appear ridiculous by counting up the number of times certain obscene words appeared in the text, and attacking the character of Lady Chatterley as though she were a defendant in the divorce courts who was caught out in misconduct with an employee of her husband's. The insistence, in the later stages of the trial, that the book tends to deprave and corrupt because of the heroine's legal state is, of course, highly comic (as were many of the witnesses' confusions about the implications of the term 'marriage') but I think that it reveals indirectly the real deep revulsion to the book. The use of the obscene words, to which I will return later, was shocking; but they would probably have been accepted as 'literature' (as has now happened with *Ulysses*) had it not been for the character of Constance Chatterley.

What makes the book so dangerous to 'girls working in the factory', to 'your wife or your servants' (in Mr Griffith-Jones' memorable phrase) and to society at large is that Constance Chatterley is portrayed as a woman with active sexual desires, who won't be happy till she gets it, and is also portrayed as Everywoman. But traditional English society is founded on the belief that good women do not have active sexual desires; they are passive, receptive to their husbands, without spontaneous desires of their own. Actively sexed 'phallic' women, women who seek orgasm, are by definition bad women, unfaithful wives and neglectful mothers if they are married at all; this tradition is kept alive in the drawling vamp's voice which recurs so consistently in radio and television comedy. And to have such a woman, presented with all Lawrence's art, held up as a model of female conduct, her search for orgasm presented as woman's only way to happiness! If the implications were to be taken to heart, this would be enough to threaten the foundations of English married life and to rock the society which is founded on it.

In world perspective, this traditional attitude is not so irrational as might appear from the present climate of advanced opinion. It is extremely difficult to maintain a steady society if all women are expected to seek orgasm; either marriages are very brittle, as among the Mundugumor and Tchambuli described by Margaret Mead; or there is a tacit or overt separation of legal marriage and extra-marital sexual pleasure, as in the upper classes of 18th-century France. Many societies do not recognise female orgasm; and the anatomists and physiologists suggest that it is not potentially available to every woman. When it is considered essential, as in the contemporary urban United States (in many circles), otherwise happy marriages can be wrecked by the wife's failure to achieve this physiological goal.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that both the prosecution – if my interpretation is correct – and all the witnesses for the defence (I am not quite sure about Dame Rebecca West) accepted Lawrence's portrayal of a woman's sexual thoughts and feelings as accurate and realistic. They did not look on it, as I confess I do, as a fantastic *tour de force* of female impersonation, the literary equivalent of Babette's music-hall act; nor did anyone call attention to the fact that all the feelings are ascribed to the woman; Mellors acts, and he talks and talks and talks; but no attempt is made to convey any of his specifically male satisfactions or dissatisfactions.

Mellors's vocabulary is the second cause for offence. Here I think the feeling is of desecration; Words of Power are having all the magic taken out of them. Pious Jews writing in Hebrew have the tradition that the name of the Lord can be written down but not spoken aloud. Conversely, the English tradition is that the obscene words can be spoken aloud in the proper setting and the proper company, but not written down where all can read them. It takes their potency away, reduces them to common terms with no more impact than 'vagina' or 'copulation'. And were the practice to become common, dirty jokes would be rendered impossible. This would be a great pity.

Since the prosecution could not bring itself to state, probably could not articulate, its feelings that family life in England is threatened by the advocacy of female orgasm and that obscene words are, and should remain, uncannily powerful, they were reduced to the ludicrous position of claiming that the book would tend to deprave and corrupt because of its vocabulary and because it portrayed an adulterous liaison; and on these themes Mr Griffith-Jones relentlessly cross-examined those witnesses whom he thought would be susceptible to such tactics. Not only Lady Chatterley was on trial in this case; so were inarticulate traditional English values; and a precious poor showing they made.

GEOFFREY GORER

Beyond Max Weber?

Introduction to the Philosophy of History. By RAYMOND ARON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 42s.

Published in France in 1938, written with an eye partly to earlier French discussions of the same topic, M. Aron's book will appear to most contemporary English readers as singularly out of context. Moreover this is a book which seems to have been transitional in M. Aron's own thought. Those who profited from the clarity of his *German Sociology* will be astonished at the turgidity and repetitiveness which he exhibits. The only explanation is that the latter book, published two years earlier, was merely an exposition of other men's thoughts. The present book is M. Aron's own attempt to pass beyond them, and more specifically to pass beyond Max Weber.

The importance of the task which M. Aron set himself in this book is likely to be underestimated in England. So parochial are we in our thought that Weber is for most people just another academic name. In fact Weber represents the great crisis of the liberal intellect. Weber devoted his life to the project of a sociology which should escape the manifest inadequacy of positivism, without falling victim to the *a priori* schematism which he took Marxism to be.

Part of Weber's work consists of setting out a series of concepts which aim at doing two things: to preserve the human character of the human, to let motives, intentions and desires have their due place in the explanation of human affairs; and yet to let our aim remain ultimately that of supplying casual explanations. Part of his work con-

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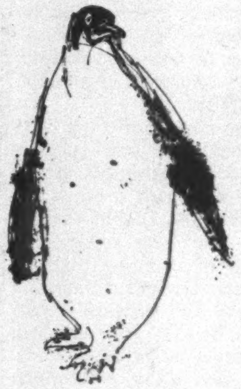

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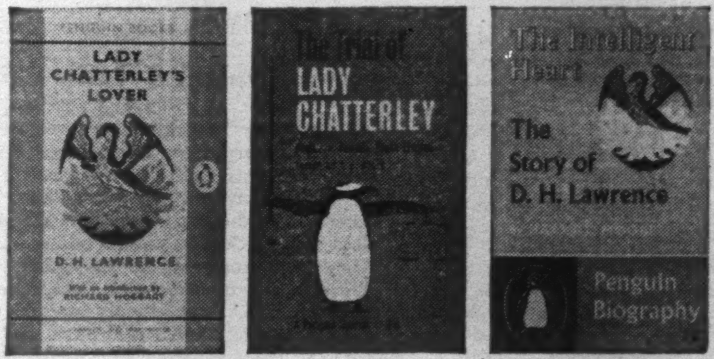

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sists in the construction of detailed and intricate historical studies which do in fact break through the conceptual framework in which he tries to contain them. The astonishing result is that Weber's work is at once immense and fragmentary. But these are not dead fragments. They evoke, they almost necessitate, an attempt to do better.

In England we have felt Weber's effects mainly through the work of others. But because we have not recognised the cause behind the effects we have sometimes misunderstood them. So Karl Mannheim's sociology of knowledge has been insufficiently appreciated and the Marxist writings of Lukacs read out of context. Yet Mannheim and Lukacs are both best seen as rival attempts to complete and transcend Weber. So is Aron.

'The truth about the past is accessible to us if, like Hegel, we rise to an absolute point of view. It escapes us by definition if we ourselves think we are historically determined and partial.' We have no absolute system of reference for our judgment because the totality of history aways escapes the historian; nor have we the possibility of using the evidence of the past to put ourselves in the position of those whose actions we are studying, because we have always to select from the evidence. So the historian is not the impartial judge, outside time, of some German historiography. Nor is he the sympathetic re-enactor who can relive historical experience. Above all it is only the past which is accessible; the future is outside historical determinism.

Having set the limits to the possibilities of historical objectivity in general, M. Aron then sets out systematically how much objectivity he can re-establish in each different historical field. Biography, the history of ideas, the history of institutions, each receives its own treatment. This would be a refreshing change in the philosophy of history but for the fact that M. Aron exhibits exactly what insular British scholarship has always supposed to be the characteristic vices of continental learning. On the one hand there is glib paradox. 'It seems that there is no history of religion, either for the unbeliever or for the believer; for the latter because religion has no history, for the former because there is no such thing as a religious order of thought transcendent to psychic or social phenomena.' On the other hand there is fake profundity. 'The unity of man's development, unintelligible if it is real, ineffective and transcendent is ideational, must be both concrete and spiritual, like that of an individual or a collectivity.'

The political conclusions are those of a platitudinous liberalism. There are two types of politics. The one accepts that the determinate sequences of history move towards no goal, and seeks to preserve certain goods from moment to moment without aiming at any overall end. This is the politics of compromise. The politics of reason is that in which the politician sets himself and his society certain goals. But all actual politics mixes one with the other. 'One runs the risk of degenerating into resignation, the other into blindness...'

What M. Aron's book makes clear is that a tolerance of different approaches to history is easily transformed into a new and more dangerous but covert dogmatism. Where there are too many ways of situating oneself in history, there ceases to be any way in which one can clearly define one's own situation. One asks where one is, and is told that it depends on which perspective one wishes to adopt. In this way one is told nothing.

I cannot see that this book adds to the case against historicism, as that case has been presented, for example, by Professor Popper. Even those who disagree with Popper must concede that they are presented with a clear case from which to dissent. To attempt to disagree with M. Aron is like trying to disagree with a fog.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Governors' Daughters

A Russian Childhood. By E. N. VODOVOSOVA. Translated by ANTHONY BRODE and OLGA LANE. *Faber.* 18*s*.

A Russian Childhood. By ELISAVETA FEN. *Methuen.* 21*s*.

Gramercy Park. By GLADYS BROOKS. *Dent.* 18*s*.

Recollecting childhood was never an accepted literary exercise before this century. A few novelists did make use of it in their fiction, but that was almost all. Today it has become an indulgence which few are able to resist and which is only occasionally justified. 'The test of genuine memories, I think,' writes Elisaveta Fen in her *Russian Childhood*, 'is their triviality.' A child's observation, moreover, is raw and often shocking: Gulliver's eye in Brobdignag. Sometimes the scene itself may justify the recollection; but in all cases the best autobiographies are those in which adult sensibility, knowledge and taste have given the thing the needed third dimension – a larger setting to the terrible, foolish or sometimes shining detail. This, in varying degrees, the three books listed here contrive to do; all can be read with pleasure. One, though, seems outstanding – the *Russian Childhood* of E. N. Vodovosova. But it is a puzzling work. Who is she, this author who – if she were living now – would be well over a hundred? Is her book a known classic, now for the first time translated? Is it a secret manuscript, newly discovered? Certainly, though badly planned and full of loose ends, it is one of the most vivid accounts of life in Old Russia that most of us will ever have come across outside fiction.

It begins with nightmare. In the time of the author's father – he was district judge of Porechye – the house was always full of music and acting plays; serfs with ability were called in to take their part. He died in the cholera epidemic of 1848, and in the next few weeks the disease carried off six of the children; a seventh died from a burning accident. Five children now remained, the author being the youngest. The town house was sold; they moved to the country estate, with its great lake under the mountain and its welcoming servants: 20 vast waggons with cattle following behind, 'like the flight out of Egypt.' Harsh days began. The mother was obsessed with the need to save money. Sasha, the brilliant sister, pined away for want of an education; when she achieved it she had to work for a lecherous neighbour to pay off her brother's gambling debts to the man. Even the Institute deplored her taste for study. 'Praiseworthy as it might be in a man,' they reported, 'it is in a young lady of noble birth a defect which must not be allowed to hamper her chances of either a successful life or a successful marriage.' What happened to the serf Vaska, with a genius for music, the judge's special protégé? And to the pretty sister Niuta, disastrously married off to a man dismissed from the army for violent insanity?

At 11 the author was sent to the Smolny Institute for the Daughters of Noblemen, a school to which even Charlotte Brontë's Lowood would seem preferable. Could she really have been in this bleak and imbecile prison for six years, with *no home leaves* at all? Yet this was so. In the seventh year, however, a new Inspector arrives, and light breaks in.

The 'Russian Childhood' of Elisaveta Fen moves onward to the early years of the present century, though the background is otherwise much the same. This is a curiously distinguished book, for it has at the same time elegance and depth. The author's name is already known to us here through her translations and her own short stories. Now we learn that (like Conrad, and M. Nabokov) she began to write in one language and turned to English later for original work – a feat for which Slavonic people seem to be more gifted than most. She has also been a child psychologist, which accounts, no doubt, for her skill and precision in that strange pursuit – the hunting down, the *recognition* of memory.

Her story tells of life in a provincial town, of which her father was Governor in the last years of the Revolution. What came through of the outer world, somewhere behind the sleigh-riding, pig-killing, mushroom-gathering; the special dishes for Easter, the first of the wild strawberries, the birch trees in the spring time, the decaying leaves, the snow? Two wars were reflected in the brother's battle games, the Boer and the Russo-Japanese. In the town there were anti-Jewish demonstrations; friendly shops that the children knew were burnt. When the father gave orders to arrest the looters, he was badly

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injured by hooligans in the street. Still, the book remains an account of a child's world; what was not understood in its setting and problems remains a mystery. It is the chief difference between the first book and this.

The time – some 50 to 60 years ago – is very much the same in *Gramercy Park;* the place is New York. Through these happy and pleasant recollections runs the conflict of the author between the socially conventional and the aesthetic-unworldly: her father's attitude and her mother's. Father, that busy, forthright, practical man was a doctor, a leading nose, throat and ear specialist. Among his patients, we casually learn, were Joseph Jefferson, Mark Twain, Caruso, Lily Langtry – most of the actors and singers of the day. Mother was beautiful, fragile, invalidish. Her room, where she lay on a chaise-longue, was a refuge for failed painters, penniless poets; talk might be on 'the Chinese conception of civilisation or the Dreyfus case or Wagner's conception of love.' Worldly values and social observances troubled this kind and gracious lady not at all. Gladys, oldest of three, pretty and gay and earnest, was daughter of both these parents. She enjoyed the talk – there she is, passionately writing her school composition on 'Integrity' – but disliked the weakling visitors. Her first dance was misery; later the young men gathered. She pined, in Normandy, for one of them; she refused another's proposal – because he offered her too much worldly security. Her mother, by the way, calmly let her camp out one night in the summer fields with the young man she currently admired, and only her schoolboy brother Durant for company. Hoping vaguely – for what? – the romantic maiden woke to the sun disappointed. A charming story.

Naomi Lewis

Frances Cornford

On a Calm Shore. By Frances Cornford. *Cresset. 15s.*

All who knew her will agree that Frances Cornford was an exceptionally attractive person. Yet why? She was not herself brilliant, though she came of a brilliant stock, belonging to that intimidating cousinry of Darwins and Galtons and Wedgwoods. She was born and bred to an intellectual aristocracy. Herself a Darwin, she married a Cornford. She was the friend of Rupert Brooke, one of the first brilliant casualties of the first war, and she was the mother of John Cornford, one of the first brilliant casualties – one could well say – of the second. Yet she was no intellectual snob; she took all this brilliance in her stride. There was never any question of Cornfords speaking only to Darwins, and Darwins speaking only to God. She had virtues that do not often go with brilliance, whose lack indeed make brilliance by itself intolerable: humility, patience, charity. What was attractive about her was her goodness. When, towards the end of her life, she became a Christian, it was to the Anglican Franciscans of St Benet's in Cambridge that she turned. One could not think of a more appropriate haven for her Quaker quietness, her traditional, yet questioning, natural piety, so like George Herbert's.

Is this the image of her one gets from her poetry in general, and from these last poems in particular (many of which first appeared in the New Statesman), revised shortly before her death last year and illustrated by her son

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Illustrated 30*s*

HART-DAVIS

Christopher? I think it is. These poems are not ambitious; they are brief, darting, very feminine observations on the course of life, wondering and sceptical and, on the whole, accepting. Death, too, is accepted; and meditation upon it is a main theme of the book, as in the final poem *Exeunt Omnes:*

> I never see the players take their call
> With such an ancient and accomplished art
> Without the whole allegiance of my heart,
> For now both high and low at curtain-fall
> Each playing perfectly his equal part
> Convey the evanescence of us all.

No one was ever more *anima naturaliter* than Frances Cornford; yet the philosophy underlying this is not Christian. It is stoic. It belongs rather to the rationalist Cambridge of her youth than to the Cambridge of a George Herbert or a Nicholas Ferrar. It is a stoicism steeled by knowledge of outward violence and disorder. The calmness of the sea, for instance, in the title poem *On a Calm Shore* is deceptive, for . . .

> The very pebbles that your skill has ground,
> Your simple sand,
> Are not by any interlude beguiled;
> They understand
> Deep in their quiet core
> Your absolute might . . .

Yet, Christian or Stoic, the reply is the same; the response to outward disorder must be order within. And the reply to violence (inevitably, one thinks here of John Cornford's own, very different reply) must be not more violence, but gentleness. Gentleness, in this sense, is not at all the opposite of toughness: it is what toughness and discipline are for; it is their hard-won product. It is the exact opposite of the stance Thomas recommended in *Do not go gentle into that good night.* Many readers, I think, will want to apply to Frances Cornford and her poetry these lines from *For A.S. sleeping when old:*

> Out to eternity now gently go,
> Through no fierce night
> Nor clutching thorns of pain,
> But resting in a chair
> The daylight spent.
>
> Then, ever-undemanding, come again
> With all those early things you helped me
> know,
>
> With cowslip sun,
> With tea-toast firelight,
> And bring content
> As you have always done.
>
> Now gently go.

JOHN MANDER

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The Lady of Coole

Lady Gregory. By ELIZABETH COXHEAD. *Macmillan.* 30*s.*

It is odd, surely, that until now Isabella Augusta Gregory should have lacked a biography, for she was a remarkable woman, as remarkable in her very different sphere as, say, Beatrice Webb. The more the pity, then, that Miss Coxhead's book should be so little adequate. She calls it a portrait: it is much more a sketch for a portrait. The fact is, Lady Gregory demands the full, considered treatment. As much as Yeats himself, she was the maker of the Irish literary movement, and it is really not good enough to shrug off so much of her day-to-day labours by saying, as Miss Coxhead does, 'I do not propose to re-tell the story of the Abbey Theatre. My concern is primarily with Lady Gregory not as organiser but as writer.'

This is a wrong emphasis. Lady Gregory was a good writer; the best of her one-act plays, *The Workhouse Ward,* for instance, and *The Gaol Gate,* have a classic simplicity; but it is idle to pretend that they can ever hold a metropolitan, let alone an international, stage, as Synge's and O'Casey's can. Miss Coxhead, though, is an enthusiastic partisan; she believes Lady Gregory has been both neglected and underrated. And for this, who is mainly responsible? Her answer is: Yeats.

If one wants the clue to Lady Gregory's character I think it may be found in her remark, made in 1919 when the Abbey Theatre needed at two days' notice a Cathleen for *Cathleen ni Houlihan*: 'What is wanted but a hag and a voice?' she asked – and played the part herself for several nights. She was an intensely practical woman, and her life both as writer and organiser was devoted to immediate ends. She had come to an interest in Irish folk-lore independently of Yeats, though it was her reading *The Celtic Twilight* that moved her to set about collecting the folk-lore of Galway. When they met he urged her to do more; together they would provide the material for a 'sacred book', a reservoir on which other writers besides themselves might draw. Similarly, she began to write comedies because the Abbey needed comedies: she was writing for a specific theatre at a specific time.

The interesting thing is how, with her antecedents, she came to be the figure she was. She was already middle-aged when she first appeared in public life; a tiny woman, dressed always in widow's weeds, she reminded others besides Maud Gonne of Queen Victoria. In latter days at the Abbey she was known as 'the Old Lady', and no doubt the Old Lady often said No! She was very formidable; she was the widow of an ex-colonial governor – and one guesses she was often very much the governor's widow – and came of the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy. One suspects that in her attitude towards them she did not always distinguish between the Abbey players and the deserving peasantry on her father's estate. But her nationalism went far beyond her husband's, liberal-minded man as he was; and though she remained the great lady of Coole, by middle age she had emancipated herself from her class almost as effectively as any woman could.

She may have been high-handed; but she was also humble. There was a job to be done – to rescue Ireland's past, to look after Willie Yeats, to found an Irish theatre and keep it going – and she did it. She would, one feels, have made an admirable Shaw heroine. As a human being, she is seen at her most attractive in her relation with O'Casey, for all she failed him over *The Silver Tassie.*

The index of her achievement is that, whether or not Yeats let her down after her death, without her there would have been no Irish literary movement as we now know it, though there would have been a different and probably lesser Yeats. Their collaboration, in the widest sense, was as fruitful as any in literary history.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

The House of Five Talents. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Ha-Ha. By JENNIFER DAWSON. *Blond.* 15*s.*

The Seasons of Love. By GENEVIEVE DORMANN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Envy the Frightened. By YAEL DAYAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Young women's week; save for the first and most impressive of these four novels. Mr Auchincloss has taken on an intensely absorbing theme and done it proud. *Are* the very rich different from us? Personally I have always felt some impatience with Hemingway's flip crack at Scott Fitzgerald. The looser moral shape, the solutions available, the consequences escaped, the small important self-esteems left undamaged (who, snubbed by a waiter, has not wished to be rich?) – do these make no difference?

The House of Five Talents is a study of three generations of a fabulously (for once this vulgarised word fits) wealthy American family; the Millinders. Their story is told in the first person by Augusta Millinder; Aunt Gussie who never married. Transvestism, always tricky, is here, I think, highly successful. Gussie is realised with a splendid, ripe flexibility of imagination.

Through Gussie's vision, always delicate and open to pain, from her vulnerable girlhood to her elephantine old age as a 'character', we observe in rich detail this family and its fortune; and with it a whole section of American society with its Fifth Avenue brownstone palaces, boxes at the Opera (where they chatter through *Lakmé* on Saturday afternoons), enormous chateaux in Newport with social shovings (even parvenus have a pecking order) worthy of Versailles; and its ironic, comic, obsessive struggles to acquire greater and greater slices of inheritance which they can't possibly spend.

Witty, clear-eyed, just, examining but never cold, Mr Auchincloss shows us this world in depth, wrapped about in a light, pure, warm understanding, like cashmere. His millionaires are not boomed out at us like so many overblown, studio-built Citizen Kanes. Yet, having invoked Kane, one sees at once the great fault of this otherwise distinguished, subtle book. The elements of tragedy and height are missing as they are not for instance in James, however urbane his tone.

The Ha-Ha is an interesting, haunting little novel. Josephine, a former Oxford undergraduate is in a mental hospital. She improves, is allowed to work outside, is almost due for discharge when, following a disastrous attempt to fit in at an ordinary party, she is seduced and then deserted by a male patient and relapses. Almost, she allows her Self to be nursed back to 'sanity' again, toward the compromise we all make with our own private realities. But in the end she runs away in a perhaps successful attempt to save herself from extinguishment.

Here is a most moving and intelligent attempt to present a certain kind of social disorientation which - though it does not always lead to madness - does inflict a profound and wretched misery on its victims. 'I wanted the knack of existing. I did not know the rules.' And again: 'I wondered what words were *the* words . . . that counted and qualified you for the world of other people.' To know the rules - and the right words . . . Most of us, I fancy, would willingly sell the Self for this - and often do.

What a pity we can't shut Constant, Alfred Hayes, Sagan and Genevieve Dormann up in one room together. *There* would be a *Huis Clos* to end all. *The Seasons of Love*, like the novels of the other three, is a very short book dealing with two or three characters and entirely devoted to recording, in short sentences, the long torments of sophisticated love. Mademoiselle Dormann need not be shy in the company I recommend. Her book, which I started without benevolence, broke through my resistance in no time. Marianne, a lovely, young, intelligent Parisienne, married, falls in love with Thomas, also married. The first happiness; the playful, *secure* conversations about its doom; then the doom itself cracking about them, with its bad tempers, *longueurs*, idle cruelty, suspense . . . all this is exceptionally well done. And when we move on into a closer analysis of the destructions of passion, the shoring up of fragments, the searing minutiae, the book is quite brilliant.

Something all these four writers have in common is a kind of sophistication of the bones, a high authenticity which cannot be faked; Haute Couture to the little dressmakers. Miss Dayan's first novel was a rather naive, spiky venture into the genre, not without honesty but terribly lacking in Style, that tremendous, absolutely essential ingredient of the first class in anything. Still, there was enough promise there to make one wonder how it would develop. Well now we know. Her second novel, *Envy the Frightened*, is as smoothly competent a piece of old-rose plastic as we are likely to see this season. Nimrod, a young Israeli living in a small village is trained by his father to fear nothing. He and a group of other children play a 'daring' game called 'Who is strong?' I suppose we are meant to see him as a symbol of Israel herself.

Somewhere between the sentimentality (there's an old, Disneyland *shoemaker*, and a toy *rabbit*) and the glossy-good writing an interesting theme has - regrettably - escaped.

GERDA CHARLES

LONDON

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Blow the Man Down

Shanties from the Seven Seas. Collected by STAN HUGILL. *Routledge.* 63*s.*

An important feature of Bos'n Stan Hugill's collection of almost 450 shanties from Europe and the Americas, each with its tune and often with variant versions, is the portrait the merchant seaman gives of himself (shanties were forbidden in the Royal Navy and the work done to numbers, fiddle, or bosun's pipe) in words as powerful as bullets: candid, human, touchingly free from the efforts of charitable organisations to 'improve' his lot:

Oh, I wished I wuz in Liverpool Town,
With them Liverpool judies I'd dance around.

Wake up, yer bitch, an' let us in,
Wake up, yer bitch, 'cos we want some gin.

There is the realistic attitude towards the populations of seaports the world over:

They'll greet us an' love us an' treat us to wine,
But them bastards is robbin' us most of the time,
Ch: Oh roooll!

He sings, splendidly, of what Mr Hugill, in a phrase that really talks, calls 'his kind of love':

In Callyo there lives a gal whose name is Serafina,
*Se*rafina! *Se*rafina!
She sleeps all day an' works all night, on the ol' Cally Marina.

She's the Queen, me boys, of all the gals that live in the ol' Casino.
She used to kiss for monkey nuts but now she works for vino.

At robbin' silly sailors, boys, no gal was ever keener,
She'll make ye pay right through the nose, that lovely Serafina.

There follows, of course, the appalling consequences, not too seriously taken:

I chose the one with the curly locks,
Ch: Hoodah! Hoodah!
She let me chase her o'er the rocks,
Ch: Hoodah! hoodah, day!

I chased her high, I chased her low,
I fell down an' broke me toe . . .

In came the doctor with a bloomin' big lance,
'Now, young sailor, I'll make you dance!'

In came the nurse with a mustard poultice,
Banged it on, but I took no notice.

Mr Hugill also communicates his passion for the shanty in a rich and rambling autobiographical preface, a long essay on the art of the shantyman, the fullest of notes. He has made a series of drawings, as stiffly accurate as the frozen sea itself, illustrating the work ('At the jiggity-jig pump', 'The ceremony of the dead horse') accompanying the song. A sparkling glossary of sea-terms includes the Philadelphia Catechism: 'Six days shalt thou labour . . . and do all that thou art able,/On the seventh day thou shalt holystone the deck an' clean-scrape the rusty cable'.

The brief foreword by Alan Villiers hardly matches Mr Hugill's noble theme, nor the spry manner in which he takes the game old tart of English language for a run ashore and allows her to enjoy herself for once. But, as in the passages quoted, the hand of the bowdleriser is to be detected: though always clearly, and always affecting the letter rather than the spirit of the song. Indeed, Mr Hugill admits, sadly, that 'owing to the demands of the censor . . . a little of the real meaning of the sea-slang and *double entendre* has been lost'.

In such an authoritative work of love, humour and scholarship by the shantyman in the last of the Limejuice Cape Horners, one wonders what censor, and where. Until Mr Hugill prints his unique collection in an unexpurgated edition, this stout and serviceable volume must stand as a classic sourcebook of its kind. It is a matter for real regret that so many of the songs are dressed, though they spring naked from the heart, in long woollen pusser-type underpants that tend to render man ashamed as mere nakedness doesn't. But that's what fig-leaved bowdlerisation leads to.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Shaking to Salvation

Thomas Brown and the Angels. By JOHN SYMONDS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Prophecy – 'speaking out' – has always been a mark of revivalist religion, peculiarly embarrassing to hierarchies and establishments, to whom its claim to divine inspiration seems intolerably presumptuous. But there are stranger utterances than those of Isaiah or Dr Billy Graham in the history of enthusiasm, and in the story of the sect with which Mr Symonds is concerned, the Shakers. For one thing, prophecy is apt to take the form of 'speaking with tongues'. This sometimes means speaking in known and recognisable languages of which the possessed person normally has no knowledge (like the 'other tongues' spoken on the day of Pentecost, or the Aramaic dubiously attributed to Teresa Neumann, the stigmatist of Konnersreuth, or the Latin of which, Mr Symonds records, one John Lacy was suddenly seized with an advanced knowledge).

Sometimes, however, the 'gift of tongues' seems simply to describe a senseless babble or wordless singing: Mr Symonds quotes one example of such gibberish, observing that it it 'somewhat like Enochian, the language which the angels spoke backwards to John Dee, Queen Elizabeth's astrologer.' St Paul may have been thinking of these two prophetic gifts – perhaps already, in his time, susceptible of fraud or abuse – when he wrote: 'Though I speak with *the tongues of men and of angels,* and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'

Far odder were some of the Shakers' other practices. In particular, they danced, men and women separately; and their dancing, though begun with 'precision and exactness', culminated, as in so many of these cults, in what seem to have been hysterical convulsions, the dancers trembling, twitching, groaning, or spinning with eyes shut. (Once, as at a spiritualist séance, some Shakers were possessed by the spirits of Red Indians: they whooped and yelled, squatted on the floor, and demanded *succotash.*)

The central theme of Mr Symonds's fascinating exploration of this byway of religious experience is the exhaustive dialogue that began in 1798 between the Shakers settled at Niskayuna, New York, and Thomas Brown, Methodist, ex-Quaker, and a high-minded man with two attributes that co-exist uncomfortably in many modern minds – a 'spiritual hunger', and a pertinaciously sceptical regard for facts and disrespect for authority. Despite the slanders he had heard against them, he was open-minded enough to be favourably impressed by his first examination of the Shakers; but it was several years before he joined in their dancing (when an Elder whispered to him, 'Thomas, labour'). He was an inconvenient convert: he argued constantly, even after he had, in effect, joined the sect, and he would most tiresomely try to nose out the truth about 'Mother Ann' – Ann Lee, a Manchester factory-worker of powerful personality, a main founder of the cult, revered as a second incarnation of Christ and as the 'woman clothed with the sun' in the Book of Revelation, but also said to have been violently quarrelsome and addicted to the bottle and to have danced naked, even (like Lady Chatterley) in the woods.

However true or untrue these scandalous rumours were, by the time Thomas Brown met them the Shakers were becoming respectable; and salvation was to be won less by immediate personal intercourse with God than by obedience to Mother Ann through the infallible Elders. In short, the Shakers, like so many romantic breakaway movements before and since them, had crystallised into just another Church. After a long agony, Brown broke with them.

Mr Symonds's book is well-documented and agreeably produced. I have only a few complaints. It is rather short (175 pp.); it ends too abruptly; it might have been set more fully in its historical and religious context. Also, I cannot understand Mr Symonds's statement (in his appendix on the Kentucky Revival) that it is 'difficult to believe' that the physical phenomena of ecstasy, 'the groans, the rolling about on the ground, the "jerks",' really took place: I have myself witnessed precisely such phenomena – once at a Pentecostal service in Harlem, once at a gathering of the cult called *pocomania* in Spanish Town, Jamaica. Finally, it is irritating that Mr Symonds or his printers, who must be aware of the double *n* in *annus*, should consistently misspell *millennium*.

TOM DRIBERG

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Italian Cinema Today

ALAN LOVELL

Since 1945, the most exciting development in the cinema has been the Italian neo-realist movement. The best films that came out of neo-realism, *Bicycle Thieves, La Terra Trema, Umberto D, Two Pennyworth of Hope* had a unique social poetry. It was sad to see neo-realism peter out in the early 1950s – sad and inexplicable. Why should a movement which had so much vitality exhaust itself so suddenly? Certainly the Italian Government and the film industry moguls had something to do with it. When *Umberto D* was first shown an Italian Government official wrote to its director Vittorio de Sica, 'We ask the man of culture to feel his social responsibility, which should not be limited to description of the abuses and miseries of a system and a generation.' But the movement seemed vital enough not to be completely crushed by political pressures. Its end was a mystery.

Now it looks as if there were no mystery. A glance at London cinemas suggests that the Italian cinema has only been dormant for the past few years. It appears to be coming to life again. Antonioni's *L'Avventura* and Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* are nightly filling cinemas. The National Film Theatre has just begun a season of Antonioni's films. De Sica's last film *The Roof* is showing, and Visconti's *Rocco and his Brothers* will appear later this year.

Of these films, *Rocco and his Brothers* is easily the most interesting. Visconti directed the masterpiece of neo-realism *La Terra Trema*. After that he seemed to abandon neo-realism. Now he has returned to it; *Rocco and his Brothers* takes up where *La Terra Trema* left off. The latter film was about the struggle of Sicilian fishermen to break free from exploitation. The new one tells the story of a family which is forced to leave a southern village because of the poverty that the exploitation creates. In it Visconti explores the effects of Northern city life on a peasant family. But the social theme is not the only one in *Rocco and his Brothers*. There is also a Dostoevskian theme. Rocco, the centre of the film, is a saintly character who takes all the suffering of the family upon himself and the film concentrates on the relationship between Rocco, his brother Simone who is a professional boxer, and the prostitute Nadia.

The film's biggest disappointment is not that the Dostoevskian theme completely outweighs Visconti's social concern. It is that there is little real interest in the social theme. Instead of *La Terra Trema's* stark images of oppression, Visconti gives us glossy prettified pictures of the city slums. Where he once used non-professional actors to get nearer the truth he now uses fashionable professionals and obscures the truth.

The Dostoevskian theme is no better handled. Visconti and his script writers mistake highbrow clichés for Dostoevskian situations; Nadia in dark glasses, just out of jail, explaining tearfully how she became a prostitute; Simone, the down-and-out professional boxer being seduced by the homosexual promoter. Alain Delon as Rocco is quite inadequate: Delon as a saint is acceptable but Delon as a professional boxer is incredible. Although the theme obviously involves Visconti (his previous film *White Knights* was an adaptation of a Dostoevsky story), he handles it with surprising uncertainty: his moves from one level of meaning to another are almost vulgar. This uncertainty destroys one of the best moments in the film. Simone advances, knife in hand, to murder Nadia. As he comes towards her she raises her hands in a gesture of acceptance. Visconti creates a beautiful image of the woman standing Christ-like against a tree in the drab late evening. But a moment later he cuts to Nadia struggling desperately for her life as Simone repeatedly stabs her. The effect that Visconti was obviously aiming at is completely destroyed.

Although he is a second generation neo-realist, Antonioni has a good deal in common with Visconti, in particular an eye for beautifully composed images. *Le Amiche* was the first Antonioni film to be seen in this country (it will be shown again in the National Film Theatre season). In it Antonioni seemed to be extending neo-realism by applying its methods to a subject outside the range of the earlier neo-realist directors – the boredom and unhappiness of the well-to-do middle class. *L'Avventura* has the same subject. But there is an important difference between the films. Where, in *Le Amiche*, Antonioni was sympathetic but critical of his world, in *L'Avventura*, the criticism has almost completely disappeared. He now takes the condition of his characters as representative of the human condition.

The change in attitude between the films is reflected in the change in style. In *Le Amiche* one was only occasionally conscious of the beauty of Antonioni's compositions; suddenly an image would light up the whole film. In *L'Avventura* the beauty of the images is always apparent. But it is a thin unvaried beauty. Almost always the main characters are set against barren landscapes. In the party scene the minor characters have no more life than the landscapes.

The effect is monotonous. And the reason is fairly obvious. Antonioni's world is not strong enough for the weight he wants to put on it. It is the world of a particular class and it cries out to be 'placed'. If it were placed his images would have a richness and a variety that they now lack.

Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* does not stand comparison with either *Rocco and his Brothers* or *L'Avventura*. Fellini has always been overrated. Only one of his films has any value and that is his most modest, *I Vitelloni*. Since he has become more ambitious he has also become hollow.

If *Rocco and his Brothers, L'Avventura,* and *La Dolce Vita* are representative of the new Italian cinema, there has been no revival of neo-realism. They merely confirm its end. The mystery remains.

But I think they give a hint of the answer. Although outwardly they have an assurance and an authority, compared with the earlier films, they lack any real power. In the late 1940s it seemed important and relevant to make films about exploitation and injustice. In 1961, in a world where the values that inspired the neo-realists – sympathy, compassion and a hatred of injustice – are dismissed as old-fashioned and boring, the importance of this kind of cinema seems doubtful. I'd guess that the future of the neo-realist tradition is closely bound up with the future of the Left. I do not think it is an accident that Britain, the one country where the Left has shown signs of a genuine revival recently, has just produced in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* a film which uses and develops neo-realism in an exciting way.

The Rocks of Naxos

DAVID DREW

Ariadne auf Naxos has a rather special place in the Strauss canon. Composed as a thank-offering to Max Reinhardt for his rescue of the *Rosenkavalier* premiere, its ardour is a token not only of gratitude but also of delight in devising a worthy match for Reinhardt's virtuosity. *Ariadne* is the most theatrical, that is to say the most artificial, of Strauss's earlier operas. It uses the theatre as a metaphor for life, and until the close it does not for one moment seek to pretend that the theatre is not there. The realism of the Prologue depends on that, and the 'illusion' of the actual opera depends on our realistic awareness that we are watching a performance of a performance – the eternal fascination and potentiality of the play-within-a-play.

It is only when Strauss forgets, or chooses

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J. P. W. Mallalieu on the new Sunday Telegraph

ITV Friday Feb. 10, at 10.30
'COMPASS'
—takes a look at the students' drama festival at Leeds
'A degree of drama'

GRANADA TV NETWORK

to ignore, the fact that his Ariadne and his Bacchus are mere players, and attempts to make them something larger at the close of the opera, that he ends by making them very much smaller. The lovers slip on the rocks of the opera's only thoroughly second-rate idea, a feeble sequential invention whose slithering chromatic bass (in its first statement during the orchestral introduction to the Prologue) is all too expressive of its lack of substance. A good performance may help us to overlook this. But in any case, there are so many compensations, so much genuine inspiration, that one is very ready to forgive.

The intellectual and imaginative strength of the whole work lies in its very specialised and not easily repeatable integration of comedy and tragedy. The two modes are presented simply *as* modes, and in that respect the scheme is, at source, purely intellectual. The cool imagination of Hofmannsthal positively requires the warmer if lower imagination of Strauss. Abstractions do not greatly interest Strauss, which is often a blessing. For instance, the *human* relationship between the Composer and Zerbinetta in the Prologue is something of a contrivance, though an ingenious one. Allegorically speaking, High Art (the Composer) and Popular Art (Zerbinetta) are incompatible, however much the Public and the Box Office may resent the fact. It is really not 'logical' for Zerbinetta suddenly to reveal herself as an idealist, and the Composer to recognise in that revelation a kindred spirit. But Strauss loves his *Meistersinger* well enough to comprehend the tragic isolation of the artist. The way in which he conveys, amidst the comedy of the Prologue, a sense of the artist's tragic predicament – to speak and not be understood, or to be understood only at the cost of compromise – is the result of genuine and personal human feeling; and at the same time his yearning for the Zerbinetta-world is equally real and even more autobiographical. The abstract attraction between the Composer and Zerbinetta is given life through Strauss.

In a way, that life is almost too strong. The fall of the curtain at the end of the Prologue arbitrarily though necessarily decapitates the Composer at the moment when he has attained his fullest stature. (Musically, his despair is by no means comic.) His loneliness, by an effort of imagination, may be felt to continue in the person and plight of Ariadne. But this is a rationalisation. The slender human drama of the Prologue has no real relevance to the 'opera'; on the other hand, its allegorical drama most certainly has.

The intertwining of comedy and tragedy in the 'opera' leads Strauss to what is perhaps the purest imaginative triumph he ever achieved. A somewhat similar attempt in the masquerade scene at the end of *Rosenkavalier* suffered both through its debt to the model in Verdi's *Falstaff* and through a certain slenderness of musical inspiration. The intrusion of the Comedians on the tragedy of *Ariadne* has no such model and no such deficiency. Even before the Comedians appear, the long plaint of Ariadne seems to acquire a certain pathetic tension from their unseen presence. Strauss composes in the knowledge that her passion is 'merely theatre' (as Baba the Turk would say) and that the Comedians will give the game away even if he doesn't; thus checked and prompted by his own characters, he finds in illusion the gateway to reality. The passion of Ariadne at the start of the opera is much more genuine than her passion at the close, when the Comedians are no longer watching over her or the composer.

From the moment we hear the wonderfully searching diatonic simplicity of the Harlequin's first song, the Comedians seem closer to Ariadne's world than even Naiad, Echo, and Dryad. And as they begin their miraculous ensemble, and declare that their singing and dancing will dry tears as does the sun and wind, one could happily cry.

One should; and sometimes one does. But not at Sadler's Wells, where the company last week mounted its new production of *Ariadne*.

Mac Liammoir's Wilde

H. A. L. CRAIG

Adjacency – except you live near it – is not one of the merits of the Royal Court. Yet anyone who goes to Chelsea to see *The Importance of Being Oscar* will find he has only gone a yard. Micheal Mac Liammoir, the Irish actor, makes distance negligible.

I did not feel on leaving the Royal Court that I had seen a one-man show. I felt I had seen a great play. Mr Mac Liammoir's acting is of the extending kind. He creates as much as he recreates. Interpretation is only a stage to him; his end is what gods or gods-by-proxy give, absolution. Who is absolved? Not Oscar Wilde – his expiation was plain and horrible – but ourselves, the grand 50 million jury, who sent Wilde down. Mr Mac Liammoir gives the life of Wilde a full tragic turn. It is not life, but art and life. At the end of a tragedy in the theatre nobody need be grieving. What is done is inevitable and for the best. When Wilde was released from Reading Gaol he had *De Profundis* written and the *Ballad* in his head. Nobody dares be sorry for Oscar Wilde. Mr Mac Liammoir releases us. He ends his evening with laughter with Wilde.

Mr Mac Liammoir presents Wilde, man and work, carnation, nightshade, gloves and hand-cuffs, by refusing to play Wilde. There is no impersonation or mimicry. This actor remains himself. While he is astonishing the house with the brilliance of his technique, he is giving almost no appearance of acting. The gesture, rhythm, the histrionic coggery, the two-minute face, the romantic tilting come across as the only right expression. This is the Wilde of the imagination in the Oscar of the blood.

With Mr Mac Liammoir nothing is a strain. He creates encounters on the stage by the simple – with him, magical – expedient of speaking some lines in profile and replying to them in full-face. He creates his Lady Bracknell with the settling of an imaginary skirt. For old age he drops his arches. When he uses his hands their movement is both distantly beautiful and immediately functional. I know. I once saw Massine drive a car around Piccadilly Circus.

The fact is that Mr Mac Liammoir's acting is only the top of his many talents. He is playwright, painter, designer, linguist, talker and one of the finest writers of the Gaelic. He would not have been out of his depth with Wilde. Wilde here finds his equal in generosity.

The artist in *Masterpiece* is of the species that inhabit the desire magazines, feminine gender. They drink their toasts to 'the world of art' and talk in frames: 'My landlady reminds me a little of a Rubens.' This play about painters – Vermeer and his forger Han van Meegeren – crawls along under one killing disadvantage: its authors, Larry Ward and Gordon Russell, appear to know nothing about painting. There is no intellectual centre to the play; the issue – what makes a painting great? – is debated at the level of a schoolgirl's essay; when talking about their Rembrandt or their Vermeer, Messrs Ward and Russell butt the canvas like a pair of goats. The future of *Masterpiece* with its dissolves, flash-backs, picture-spotting is on film; indeed, in the cold cinema sheens of the new Royalty Theatre it is half-way there. But the blundering in the writing was bravely defended by the excellent high-strung Anton Walbrook, by Arnold Marlé, playing at being B.B., Robert Eddison and Patrick Magee. Mr Magee's courtroom spinosities are worth watching, perhaps preserving in a bottle.

J. P. Donleavy's *Fairy Tales of New York*, revisited, proves itself as brilliantly complex in its interiors and as simple and funny on its surfaces as we first thought it. It is simple until you've caught up with it. Then, like a moth in your hand, it escapes definition. It is nothing, but it has the force of life. Christian, the hero, is a pale spectator at his own discomforts, but he reduces giants and goes ghostly and untouched through the mincing machines. Even when lying on his back in a boxing ring he triumphs. The production at the Comedy is inferior to that at Croydon (both by Philip Wiseman) in one particular. The coffin containing the corpse of Christian's wife is now too horrific.

Tokyo 1961 does not offer much, except a lesson to chorus-girl trainers. These very beautiful Japanese girls are alive all the way up; their faces are in the show with their legs; they look sad or secret, frightened or happy, as their kicks suggest. They haven't the technique of the Tiller girls – nor the dolly face. *Tokyo 1961* is exactly titled; it's a GI Joe show.

How about Playing, Gypsy?

FRANCIS NEWTON

On the whole popular music does not travel well. German military bands, beer-house choirs or *Schlager* (song-hits) make no great appeal except to those brought up as cultural Teutons. Since the 19th century, when the romantics took over a few folk-borrowings into the ballroom repertoire, European popular dances have been mainly left to their native practitioners. Zither players are left where they came from, except on the rare occasions when they, like the Greeks, the Malayan Chinese or the South African jive-bands, produce a novelty hit for a week or two. All the more striking, then, are the popular musical idioms – notably the Afro-European mixtures – which have shown an obvious appetite and capacity for expansion. We have not many such in Europe. The most successful of them is the Hungarian.

Its success, to judge by a recent visit to the country, is not one which rejoices the Hungarian critics, in spite of the natural longing of small nations speaking incomprehensible languages for international cultural triumph. Budapest intellectuals are unenthusiastic about gypsy fiddlers and Hungarian operetta, the two spearheads of their country's cultural conquest, as Spanish intellectuals are unenthusiastic about flamenco and *el folklore*.

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And with some justice. The best of the Hungarian school which dominated operetta in the silver age of the Edwardians and the bronze age of the Twenties – say Léhar – is not to be compared with the golden age of Offenbach or Strauss; the worst is barely good enough for the palm court. Gypsy musicians, as Kodaly showed, do not play Hungarian folk-music but a mixed art-folk repertoire invented by light composers a century ago. Moreover, a lifetime's experience of the local mass-production of pale soulful faces, falling locks, csardases and fiddles bent over restaurant tables has immunised Budapest intellectuals against too much gypsy romanticism. Why not, it is argued, follow Bartok and Kodaly to the treasures of folk music instead of Kalman Imre and all those poignant *primas*?

Why not? Because the public does not want to. The village migrants to the factory would no more dream of dancing peasant dances in the big city than of wearing traditional costume; but the gypsy fiddlers flourish. Mme Erzsi Török who sings Kodaly arrangements most beautifully, in a voice carefully trained not to make a folksong sound like a Brahms *lied*, performed to an enthusiastic but half-empty Bartok Hall. On the other hand the State Folk Ensemble, all rural anecdote, village charm and girls who look about as much like milkmaids as would *Vogue* models with pigtails down their backs, were applauded by a vast and obviously popular audience. In fact, show biz wins every time on the red stretches of the Danube as on the blue.

And this is only natural, though the intellectuals ought to persist in their demand for purity and authenticity, if only to remind the Folk Ensemble that it has a duty to culture as well as to box office. Folk music survives in modern society only by becoming urban professional entertainment; only as such does it expand. Without the gypsies Hungarian folk music would be pure, but dying or revivable only *via* the intellectuals, like the country blues. The major objection to them, and even more to the Budapest operettasmiths, is that their kind of folk-derived music has been developed for a middle-class or petty-bourgeois public and not a working-class one, and that it has – even today – imposed the standards of this milieu on Hungarian popular entertainment.

This is a waste of talent. I am sure that even Budapest jazz, such as it is, would be less anaemic if it borrowed a little more from popular idiom which makes the vibes-player in the local 'Modern Jazz Quartet' phrase like a cimbalom player, when he is not thinking too much about sounding like Milt Jackson. Students, low life and the western dream sustain what little jazz there is. The fans waver between the music-students who play in all styles at the *Astoria* (their instrumentation is modern, their personal taste for Thelonious Monk), and the seasoned multi-instrumental duo which accompanies the brief encounters at the late-night *Pipacs* with a home-grown rowdy swing. No doubt it is better than nothing, but if a Belgian gypsy could become the only original European jazz musician, why can't they let Hungarian ones try what they can do?

The critic returns to England and the Dave Brubeck Quartet, whose popularity alone survives the ruin of the 'West Coast' jazz of the 1950s. Heaven knows why. Probably because of the Quartet's pretty tinkling and musical snob appeal rather than because of its real merits, the cold and thoughtful alto of Paul Desmond and the drummer Joe Morello. Still, they play to capacity houses, which is more than better visiting groups have done. One day they will be as underrated as they are now overrated by the public; like the white New Yorkers of the Twenties who now come to us, an embassy from the dead, in the Philips *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz*. They weren't as bad as all that.

Facing Both Ways

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

How well we know the British film that sets out to be bold, that is all for truth and enlightenment but then commonsense (box office) floods back and compromise wins the day. With *The Mark* (Carlton) the producers must certainly have seemed to be taking on something: a sympathetic study of a psychopath addicted to small girls. The director is Guy Green, who flourished a bang-em-in-the-eye style with *The Angry Silence*. Here he uses kid gloves, so do scriptwriters, actors, everyone concerned.

It takes quite a time before our hero (Stuart Whitman), looking a little worried as he takes on a big job having just done his three years, is even labelled sex-pervert. He is soon ousting the firm's second string in love with the boss's secretary, and his secret only leaks out in flashbacks of childhood and prison life. These aren't in the least convincing, and when we fetch up the crucial incident that got him put away, it's to find that he didn't really commit any crime at all: he took a schoolgirl off in his car, was sick, and brought her back. So he isn't really so bad, is he? and he consummates his weekend with the secretary, and everything would seem to be plain normal sailing if a journalist didn't catch him with his fiancée's small daughter at a fair. But by this time smoothness and talky-talk have so whittled away dramatic shocks that we don't care whether he is 'healthier' or not.

The Mark displays considerable ingenuity in *not* tackling its theme, and a virtuoso performance by Rod Steiger as medical confessor, out of prison and in, only weighs on the side of compromise. It's the kind of film, peculiarly British, that hopes to get credit for its audacity, and to offend no one at the same time. If any real issue had been involved, his first visit to his fiancée's house and meeting with her child would have been crucial: but here any agonies are relegated to after-confession. And so it is all along, till a fairly routine piece of reporter ruthlessness is made to seem striking. By comparison the recent Italian *Red Lips* (from the point of view of a precocious child) was a masterpiece of honesty and realism.

Much as I adore Sophia Loren and Maurice Chevalier, to say nothing of Isabel Jeans, their herding together in *A Breath of Scandal* (Plaza) only more saddened this tired pastry out of Old Vienna. A Molnar play seems to have provided the background of prettiness, protocol and princesses marrying for position; into it, in an early motor car, bursts a young American in search of bauxite and a sweet girl. Hunting-lodges, can-can clubs, court frippery, sex teasingly postponed while Papa Chevalier hums the theme song from his midnight carriage, and wild Sophia shoots at postmen, rides a stallion, and dresses and undresses superbly: not even the location bits in colour can evoke a pretence of charm and wit. These victories for Democracy and True Love are hard to take.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,615 Set by Maurice Richardson

A psychoanalyst defined dirt as 'matter in the wrong place'. The usual prizes are offered for equally succinct and non-emotive definitions of any three of the Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, Sloth. Entries by 24 February.

Result of No. 1,612 Set by D. R. Peddy

Competitors are invited to compose a requiem in verse (not more than 16 lines) for the non-existent Yeti.

Report

Showers of good entries made judging especially difficult and probably arbitrary. Competitors were doleful, mocking or comic, according to their lights, but in nearly every case effective. The principal note was of regret – as, indeed, befits a requiem – at the passing of the Yeti (whose pronunciation is obviously by no means certain):

For many years, say nigh on eighty,
We searched and searched to find you, Yeti;
Tried ways honest, tried ways cheaty
To trail and trap elusive Yeti.
Spoke to those who said they'd met 'e,
All was illusion, thin-air Yeti.
No more shall stirring headline greet I;
Farewell, my non-existent Yeti.

L. G. UDALL

[I suggest that Nan Wishart, Barbara Roe, A. M. Sayers and A. D. Bennett-Jones share the prize. Runners-up are Lyndon Irving, H. A. C. Evans, Annie Allen, Trooper Jones, Nancy Gunter, Molly Fitton, Allan M. Laing and Stanley J. Sharpless. Honourable mention to Martin Jordan, Gloria Prince, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Pibwob, Dorothy Morley, Margaret Wood and W. Haworth Brown.

IS NOT NOR WAS

Yeti shall haunt
The reluctant mind
Abominable gaunt
Yeti shall haunt
Before and behind
*His foot shall flaunt
In mountains white
In wastes of snow
On desolate height
And none shall know
O none shall know
Though all shall chaunt
His requiem slow
IS NOT IS NOT
NOR WAS NOR WAS
Yet he shall haunt
Because
(*repeat from * above*)

NAN WISHART

Yeti, though in substance less
Than a shadow on the mist,
Do not feel too much distress
At your failure to exist.
Do not hanker for a place
In the universe – if you
Ever dared to show your face,
You would soon be in the zoo.
Even free, you'd have no life
Of assured continuance;
In a world that's bent on strife
Yetis wouldn't stand a chance.
Harmless ghost of what was not,
In serene oblivion lie.
You are spared man's awful lot –
Who never lives can never die.

BARBARA ROB

Oh, you that never were,
But are what we shall be
When certain things occur
Which all of us foresee!
At least you had a name,
Your witnesses, and fame!

Who rashly will declare
Of us, in years ahead,
'They lived!', or greatly care
For truths about the dead?

Your non-existent feet
Left traces in the snow
Which were discussed with heat
By people in the know.
Will anyone discuss
Such traces left by us?

A. M. SAYERS

Mourn Thelma* Yeti who ('tis said)
Knew everything from A to Z,
Except the truth about her birth
And whether she had life on earth.
To solve these problems she set out,
She left a skin or two about
And marked her footprints in the snow
To register her status quo.
The Sherpas all believed her tale –
But when Sir Edmund hit the trail,
He proved the facts were falsified
And thus committed yeticide.

Good people all, kneel down and pray
That, as you live another day,
So may you know what you are not,
Unlike poor Thelma who forgot.
(* *The smallest species of Yeti*)

A. D. BENNETT JONES

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YEAR OF FURTHER EXPANSION AND HIGH ACTIVITY

The 41st annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited was held on January 26 at Bradford, The Rt Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, PC, JP (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

I am once again pleased to report a year of further expansion and high activity. During the year your Company made an offer for and acquired the remainder of the Ordinary Shares in Salts (Saltaire) Limited. Also, with effect from 1st October 1959, your Company acquired the whole of the Share Capital of W. & G. Chambers Limited, Dyers, Bradford.

The Net Profit attributable to the shareholders of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited after taxation is £573,561. A final dividend of 14 per cent, less Income Tax, is proposed (making a total distribution for the year of 20 per cent).

The Group Current Assets now amount to £12,174,789, showing an excess of £4,910,245 over Current Liabilities and Dividend, and the Group Revenue Reserves are now shown at £816,288.

Whilst we have always been proud that our reputation has been built up by processing high quality goods in wool, your Directors are alive to the fact that man-made fibres will probably be used in increasing quantities. We have, therefore, during the past year re-organised one of our Branches so that we can now offer these yarns to the trade, particularly Terylene blended with wool, in bulk quantities. We are convinced that providing we adhere to the higher grades the introduction of these yarns and cloths will be of benefit.

Our machinery activity has been fully maintained since the end of the financial year. Orders on hand will ensure the continuance of this high level for several months and as far as can be reasonably foreseen, I think we may hope for a year's satisfactory trading.

The report was adopted.

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CITY LIGHTS

The Battle of Dinosaurs

TAURUS

The latest upheaval in Fleet Street has something to do with newspapers and a good deal to do with the ambition of newspaper proprietors, but there is no doubt that it is basically about magazines. The magazine industry preceded newspapers along the road towards mass-entertainment: it has been plagued, for some years past, by its taste for giant circulations and by the shift in advertising and reading habits which followed the growth of commercial television. The industry – or most of it – is now reduced to two overgrown dinosaurs which are doggedly slogging one another into the ground.

The round which is now finishing began at the end of 1958, when the Berry (*Daily Telegraph*) family wanted to raise money and sold their one-third holding in the Amalgamated Press to the *Mirror* group; the *Mirror* went on to acquire the whole of this magazine empire at a cost of £18m. It was renamed Fleetway Publications, and its bookkeeping cost to the *Mirror* was brought down – first by the sale of its interests in Southern Television and Condé-Nast, and more recently by the sale of its paper interests to the Reed group – to only £2½m. But Mr Cecil King, who runs the *Mirror* group, may well have found it expensive even at that price. It demanded a complete overhaul and large injections of capital: and it is still, two years later, thought to be doing far from well.

The *Mirror* raised its bid for Amalgamated Press while the bidding was still on: the reason was allegedly to forestall a counterbid from Odhams, the leading magazine group of several at that time. Odhams got its own back during 1959. First, it bid for Hultons; there was little chance of a counterbid, since the Hulton family was in control. Second, when the *News of the World* announced a bid for George Newnes, the only large independent magazine publisher then left, it put in a smashing counterbid. By mid-1959, therefore, the bulk of the magazine industry was already divided between the *Mirror* and Odhams, with Odhams twice as large and possessing, according to report, much greater resources of managerial and editorial talent in the field of magazines than the *Mirror*. But this advantage (for all Odhams' surprisingly good profits forecast) may have proved of little advantage in a battle of dinosaurs.

The craze for high circulations and an increase in the number of magazines has brought with it a decline both in advertising revenue and in readership, while costs – both of advertising and of expensive gimmicks like colour printing – are steadily rising. Competition is getting out of hand and magazines are making losses: there is almost certainly some truth in the general Fleet Street impression that the two dinosaurs have been discussing things, even if there is disagreement about which dinosaur first showed signs of intelligence.

Once discussions began, of course, it would become apparent that neither side would trust the other to observe a gentleman's agreement; one would have to take over the other's magazines. Odhams, no doubt, would be glad to take over Fleetway, and Mr King would be willing, no doubt, to sell, at an absurdly high price which would give him an uncomfortably high stake – a controlling share – in Odhams. Mr King, alternatively, could take over Odhams' magazines: but it would scarcely be practicable to leave Sir Christopher Chancellor, the new chairman of Odhams, with no more than a *People-Herald* rump, the profit of the one paper just about offsetting the loss on the other. If Mr King was ready to sell Fleetway only at a King-size price, therefore, a *Mirror* bid for Odhams as a whole was the only course open. (It is worth emphasising that the two newspapers were only a side-issue; the *People* is certainly doing better than the *Sunday Pic*, but the *Herald*, unless Mr Cudlipp can be spared for an attempt at miracle-working, is a certain liability. It was the magazines which mattered.)

Only the dinosaurs themselves can know how far this train of thought was made explicit in any discussions which may have taken place between them. There seems to be no doubt, however, that Mr King sent a letter of some sort to Sir C – the contents are disputed – on Monday of last week, and that this letter, reinforced, the gossips say, by a cocktail-party hint about the *Mirror's* intentions, sent Sir C chasing after a protector. The protector was not far to seek. Mr Roy Thomson, any profile-reader knows, is a self-made Canadian owner of newspaper, radio and TV chains, 66, abstemious and determined. He bought the *Scotsman*, a prestige but unprofitable paper, seven years ago, and in 1956, on the strength of the *Scotsman*, acquired an 80 per cent holding in Scottish Television, a good networking contract, and a licence to print money.

Anxious to expand into newspapers – particularly the provincial papers of which he has most experience – he sniffed for some time around the main provincial chains, and was both surprised and delighted when in mid-1959 Lord Kemsley, the Berry Uncle, agreed to sell him not only the Kemsley provincials but the *Sunday Times* as well: it was a complicated operation, since Thomson had nothing to offer in exchange but his television profits, but Warburgs managed it. Since then Mr Thomson has ranked as a major proprietor and a major irritant to his fellows – not merely closing down hopeless papers and reanimating his provincials, but unnerving every other proprietor in turn by suggesting that he was ready (though without money) to take them over. He has, of course, reason for lusting after a national daily. The Berry brothers, when Uncle Kemsley sold out, decided to go in for a Sunday paper and told Mr Thomson that they could no longer print the *Sunday Times* on the *Daily Telegraph* press.

Mr Thomson, the story goes, informed them after five-and-three-quarter months that they should have given him 12 instead of six months notice, and so gained 18 months in which to construct an entirely new press. But although the press is now finished, and though the *Sunday Times* was printed on it, bigger than ever, a week before the appearance of the new *Sunday Telegraph*, Mr Thomson has still to find something to print on his new press during the six working days of the week; the *Guardian* will be something when it comes to London in the autumn, provided that it can swallow its disappointment about the results of its cooperation with Mr Thomson in Manchester, but it will fill only a fraction of the new capacity which he has been forced to provide. He needs a fairly large circulation daily.

But it is unlikely that his readiness to meet Sir Christopher's approach sprang from a lust for the *Daily Herald*: it was more probably due to the opportunity of consolidating his financial position. Mr Thomson, whatever he may have in Canada, is much smaller fry over here; his British empire consists mainly of Deferred stock which is not quoted on the stock exchanges and which, since its value depends on TV interests which are liable to become much less profitable after 1964, becomes a feebler candidate for quotation every month that passes. The Odhams approach gave him the chance both of raising money and converting his vulnerable holding of Thomson into a solid holding of Odhams. And so it turned out. Philip Hill, the bankers – he could not expect Warburgs to act for him as well as for the *Mirror* any longer – quickly concocted a scheme under which Odhams would bid for Thomson Newspapers, leaving Thomson himself with a sizeable holding of Preference shares which could be readily realised for cash and an equity holding of over 28 per cent – a controlling holding, since Odhams' shares are widely distributed – in the new group.

Mr Thomson evidently found these terms attractive enough to justify a gamble on the chance that his intervention would discourage the *Mirror*. Other people know their Mr King better. A counterbid was generally expected and finally came on Friday night – an offer of *Mirror* shares in exchange for Odhams on very attractive terms. But there was probably an element of bluff here, too. The *Mirror* clearly hoped that Thomson had been

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gambling on non-intervention and would now, his gamble lost, withdraw: it tried to reinforce its hope by threatening to sell off all the Thomson interests if it acquired control after the Odhams-Thomson merger had gone through. But the threat betrays uneasiness. Odhams, if they wanted to play it rough, could still give the Preference shares to be issued to Mr Thomson the votes which other Odhams Preference shares carry.

More gently, if Mr Thomson were to push through the merger quickly, the *Mirror* would command only a narrow majority of the Ordinary shares even if its bid were accepted by all the present stockholders of Odhams: it could be barred from this majority by the buying of a few shares, say £2½m worth, through the market or from a handful of institutional investors. But there is no evidence of an intention to give votes to the new Preference, and no sign of competitive buying of Odhams in the market: nothing has happened, in fact, but a promise from the Odhams board to hand on to stockholders the *Mirror* bid and to comment on it when the formal document is available. Whether they have given up or are still trying to rouse opposition – Bowater, for example, will not relish the risk of losing its paper contract to the *Mirror*-controlled Reed Group – is still not clear.

It is too soon to moralise, but the moralisers can take heart from the fact that more attention may now be paid to real problems – the growth of advertising, the vanity of proprietors, the cost of newsprint, and the restrictive practices of London printing unions. They can note that takeover bids in this, as in other fields, are no longer the result of an urge to make better use of idle resources but of a desire to achieve a monopoly position or to keep out awkward newcomers: shareholders may do as well – Odhams shares, 32s 6d before it all began, are now valued at well over 50s – but at the risk of future earnings. And they may be interested in the fact that Odhams' shares jumped sharply on the day before the first news came out and that the Stock Exchange, pressed by indignant jobbers, is to investigate the possibility of a leak – as it did in the case of Kemsley Newspapers 18 months ago.

The Chess Board

No. 586. Second Thoughts

For a chessplayer this may be quite an understatement, some of us being more likely to have third and fourth thoughts (and a good many more) about certain game positions, to say nothing of endgame studies and problems. Now remember an ending (No. 577, 3.12.60) in which Harold Lommer, two pawns down, managed to secure a draw. /16/5k2/5P1P/4K3/5Kt2/6kt1/8/.

1) P-R6, K-B2; 2) P-R7, K-Kt2; 3) Kt-Kt5, Kt-R5; 4) P-B6 ch, K-R1; 5) P-B7, Kt-Kt3; 6) K-B5, K-Kt2; 7) K-K6, Kt-R1; 8) P=Q ch, KxQ; 9) K-B6, K-K1; 10) K-Kt7, K-K2; 11) KxKt, K-B1, etc.

Now Lommer himself, as well as André Chéron and Gerald Abrahams were among those who had second thoughts about this ending, and obviously they came to the same conclusion that White could have won by 11) Kt-B3, K-K3; 12) Kt-K5, K-K2; 13) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-K1; 14) KtxKt! (KxKt?) and wins. Among other variations given by Chéron is 11) . . . Kt-B2; 12) Kt-K5, Kt-R1; 13) Kt-Kt6 etc.

This being a 'Readers' Own' week, here's a neat finish sent in by O. G. W. Stallybrass (a cousin of D.H.R., our regular ladder-climber): /8/1p1kt1p2/ 3q1kt1k /p1pP1Rp1 /2P1r1Pp /P2Kt3R /1P4QP / 6K1/. Black had just played . . . R-K5 which looks strong on account of the KKtP not being defensible by Kt-B2; yet, White forced the win by 1) RxP ch, PxR [. . . K-Kt3 being ruled out by 2)

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COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

CONTINUED EXPANSION OF BUSINESS

MR D. J. ROBARTS ON THE ECONOMIC SCENE

The 128th Annual General Meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 23 February in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (Mr D. J. Robarts):

The accounts show a net profit for the year of £3,565,996 compared with £2,840,971 for 1959. An interim dividend of 7 per cent. has been paid and it is now proposed to pay a final dividend of 7 per cent.

As already announced it is proposed to recommend at the Annual General Meeting the capitalisation of £3,003,760 at present part of the Reserve Funds, by paying up in full £3,003,760 of the unissued £1 shares and distributing them credited as fully paid to Shareholders in the ratio of one additional £1 share for every seven held.

I am pleased to report that our business continues to expand and that there is ample evidence that the good service we endeavour to give to our increasingly wide range of customers is fully appreciated.

Commenting on the Bank's hire purchase interest, Mr Robarts said: Our subsidiary company North Central Wagon & Finance Company Limited have shown a substantial, though reduced, profit, and our dividend is still well covered by earnings.

The economic position

During the past year, the United Kingdom's balance of payments position has given serious cause for anxiety. In their endeavours to curb consumer spending, the authorities maintained high money rates throughout the year. These high rates had the effect of attracting foreign balances to London from countries where rates were lower.

In the event our gold and dollar reserves rose steadily throughout the year but so did our liabilities to overseas countries – indeed, the liabilities have risen much more steeply than the reserves. Our imports have continued to run at a high level while our exports have lagged behind. Looking at the picture as a whole, it seems very doubtful whether the attempt to restrain home consumption has yet had the desired effect of diverting goods into the export field.

Special deposits

As part of the campaign to reduce domestic demand, the system of special deposits was put into force in June. The special deposits are used by the authorities to finance Treasury Bills and thus facilitate Government expenditure while restricting credits to private industry. As the result of the special deposits required of them, the banks not only cannot purchase Government securities but may be forced to sell them, thereby rendering the task of funding the Government debt more difficult. The banks are always fully aware of their duty to serve the public, who are their customers, and, if left to their own judgment, they will adjust their policies to these ends and need no artificial controls to coerce them. They will continue to lend their support to individuals and firms engaged in the businessses of real importance to the basic life of the country as distinct from speculative activity. Despite the restrictions under which we have been working, this we still endeavour to do.

Need to keep production costs down

The fundamental necessity to improve our balance of payments position, from which most of our difficulties spring, is to keep down costs of production. From this point of view, the Bank rate policy pursued during the past year can scarcely be said to have been effective. What is really needed is a limitation of demands of the Government upon the productive resources of the country and this should be the foremost aim of the Government of the day. The authorities are evidently in a dilemma about the monetary policy to be pursued – the internal and external factors pointing in different directions. But that is no reason why the banks should be used as whipping boys on account of an inflation which derives from excessive Government expenditure much more than from an expansion of bank credit.

The lesson which emerges from the numerous credit exhortations and controls of recent years is the length of the time-lag which occurs between their utterance or imposition and their effect on the economy. They are often out of date before they become effective. This applies to restrictive and, to a lesser extent, to expansionist measures. The natural working of supply and demand has its own sanctions which inevitably become effective. It may well be that historians of the future will look back at these years of regulations and they may conclude that a greater reliance on the development of natural forces would have been better.

R-R5]; 2) P-Kt5 ch, K-Kt3; 3) RxKt ch, KtxR; 4) PxKt ch, K-B4; 5) Q-B3 ch, and Black resigned since after exchanges on f4 the QP decides.

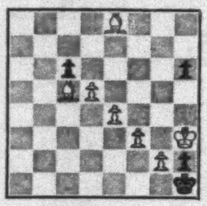
An equally well deserved chessbook voucher goes to D. M. Polley who sent me this position. /2r3k1/1p3pp1/pq1b1kt1p/3pKtp2/Q2P1P2/3P4/PP1B2PP/1K5R/. After 1) Kt-Q7, KtxKt; 2) QxKt, Q-B2; 3) QxBP Black turned the tables by . . . Q-B7 ch; 4) K-R1, B-Kt5!, and White gave up the Q for R&B and soon resigned. He might have tried 5) B-K3, but . . . R-B6 seems strong enough.

Now here's a neat little correspondence game sent in by P. C. Wason.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) P-Q4, PxP; 4) P-B3, P-Q6; 5) BxP, B-B4; 6) O-O, P-Q3; 7) B-KKt5, KKt-K2; 8) QKt-Q2, P-B3; 9) B-R4, P-KKt4?; 10) P-K5, PxB; 11) Kt-K4!, Kt-KKt1; 12) R-K1, K-B1; 13) PxBP, KtxP; 14) Q-Q2, P-KR3; 15) KtxB, PxKt; 16) Q-B2, Kt-Q4?; 17) B-K4!, Kt-B5; 18) BxKt, PxB; 19) Q-K4, Kt-Q4; 20) QR-Q1, B-Q2; 21) P-B4, Kt-B3; 22) Q-Kt6, Kt-Kt5; 23) Kt-K5, KtxKt; 24) RxKt, Q-B1; 25) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt1; 26) R-K7, resigns.

A mate in 5 sent in by one of our Israeli readers is simple (and instructive) enough to rank as 4-pointer for beginners. **B**, a win (?), comes from T'Nagar, Madras, and it should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points with the helpful hint that our Indian friend was inspired by Lommer's triumphs of under-promotion. Moreover, I offer an extra voucher to whoever can cure an obvious flaw of a draw by perpetual check. For 7 points, completing an entirely homemade competition, **C** is a suimate in 5. (Meaning that White must force Black to mate him in 5 moves). Usual prizes. Entries by 12 February.

A: J. Aizikowicz, 1961



B: A. Aaron, 1961: /8/7B/24/6p1/p3K1pp/5ktkb/.

C: R. T. Waterfield, 1961: /5Bb1/8/2p1p3/4p1Q1/3k4/R7/B4p1p/kt1K1b2r/.

REPORT on No. 583. Set 14 January

A: 17) . . . QxQKtP wins at once.

B: 1) Kt-Kt3!, BxKt; 2) P-K7, B-Q3 ch; 3) K-R4!!, BxP; 4) B-B4!; P=Q; 5) B-Q5 ch etc.

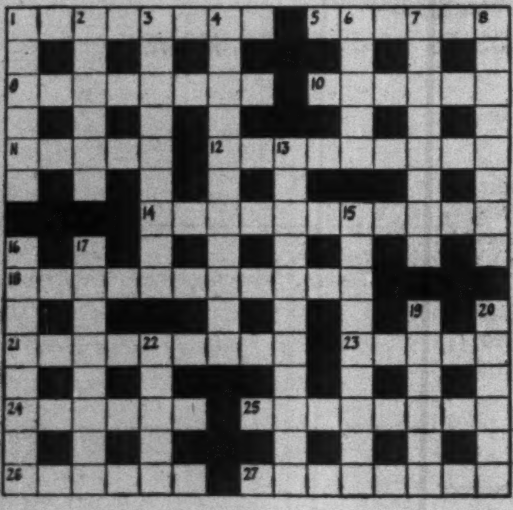
C: 1) Q-B6 ch, K-R4; 2) Q-B5 ch, K-R3; 3) B-K3 ch, K-Kt2; 4) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B1; 5) B-B5 ch, B-Q3; 6) Q-K5!, K-Kt1; 7) BxB, Q-Q1!; 8) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R1; 9) B-K5 ch, P-B3; 10) Q-Kt5! etc.

Easy enough. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking, H. Garfath, J. Mitchell, A. S. Rooker-Roberts, R. T. Waterfield. Some readers would like me to use the Continental notation. I am all for it because it would save space, but I remember some opposition against it many years ago. I should welcome readers' present opinions.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword 443

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 443, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 14 February.



ACROSS

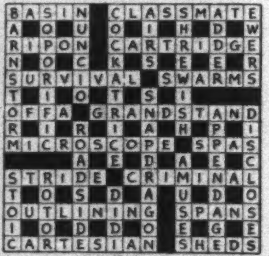
1. Trust man spoilt by bad temper (8).
5. Blow for the captive returning without everything (6).
9. The player has to prohibit support for the boards (8).
10. I enter the caller as a historian (6).
11. Put back a drink not of the common kind (5).
12. Sticklers for rules keep a roll among members (9).
14. The most favourable is the last to be situated among the potential first (11).
18. Holidays when it is mainly cloudy? (11).
21. Lack of consideration when changed sides meet (9).
23. I do business as a matter of principle (5).
24. The chemist has to tell a tall story (6).
25. Reasoning fills a gap with something which sticks (8).
26. Senility in the beginning of time? (6).
27. King who put drink back in the lists of fare (8).

DOWN

1. If topless the coat would do for a poet (6).
2. Immaturity of a man on a general degree course (6).
3. Double up in the bases found in church (9).
4. The play is everything in the reform of the cinema (11).
6. Benefit of work without a translator (5).
7. Broadcast for the listener in Ireland (8).
8. Disorderly parties without a hanger-on (8).
13. The police discover me in the lake at the bottom of the informal garden (11).
15 Deal suits shuffled to make up for weakness (9).
16. In bandages Bob walked awkwardly (8).
17. Ill-used young lady in confinement (8).
19. Hermia's friend (6).
20. 'The jury all wrote down on their ——' (Carroll) (6).
22 The pain of tasting – no thank you! (5).

Set-Square

Solution to No. 441



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Applications (eight copies) should be sent to the Secretary, Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation, Broadcasting House, Lagos, to arrive not later than 20 February 1961. The envelopes should be marked 'Post of Director-General'.

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Applications are invited for the abovementioned post at the University of Stellenbosch, Union of South Africa.

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The successful candidate will be head of the Department of French, and will be required to teach linguistics and literature to both undergraduate and postgraduate students.

Applicants must state earliest date on which duties can be assumed.

Applications together with certified copies of certificates and testimonials, as well as full particulars regarding ability to teach by medium of English, Dutch or Afrikaans, and a complete curriculum vitæ, must reach the Registrar, University of Stellenbosch, by 11 March 1961.

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Applications are invited from graduates with suitable qualifications for the post of ASSISTANT TO THE CAREERS ADVISER AND STUDENT WELFARE OFFICER. The salary will be on the scale £800 x £50 to £1,200 per annum. FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by 18 February 1961.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

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Applications are invited for appointment from 1 September 1961 as lecturer (man or woman) in Social Studies in the Selly Oak Colleges. Good university qualifications essential and practical experience of industry and/or social service desirable. Salary £1,050 x £50 to £1,200 with entry into Superannuation Scheme. Applications should be sent by 1 March 1961 to the President, Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham, 29 from whom further partics obtainable.

NATIONAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT OFFICERS ASSOCIATION

Applications are invited for the appointment of Administrative Assistant in the Service Conditions Department of NALGO at a salary in accordance with APT II (£815-£960) plus London Weighting according to age, being £40 at 26 and over.

Candidates must have passed the intermediate administrative examination of the Local Government Examinations Board or have secured alternative qualifications including the intermediate examination of the Institute of Hospital Administrators, the Chartered Institute of Secretaries and the Corporation of Secretaries. The successful applicant will be required to assist in the Health Service Section of the Department, and experience in the preparation of agendas, minutes, and reports of meetings, together with general administrative ability, are desirable.

Applications should be addressed to the General Secretary, NALGO House, Harewood Row, London, NW1, to be received by not later than first post on 18 February 1961.

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Married couple urgently required as houseparents at Beechholme, Banstead, Surrey, to take charge of a house for 18 children up to 15 years deprived of a normal home life. Previous residential experience essential, Home Office Child Care Certificate desirable. Salaries husband £555 – £595, wife £525 – £555 (under review). Also housemother to act as deputy to housemother in charge; salary £525 - £555 (also under review). Charge for board etc. £138 p.a. 4 weeks annual leave including Bank Holidays. Other child care staff and domestic assistance provided. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/217/2), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

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Applications are invited for a post on the editorial staff of NATURE.

A university degree in science or technology is essential, and preference will be given to a candidate who has worked in science or industry for at least two years since graduation.

Particulars and references should be sent to: The Manager, Nature Office, Macmillan and Co. Ltd, St Martin's Street, London, WC2.

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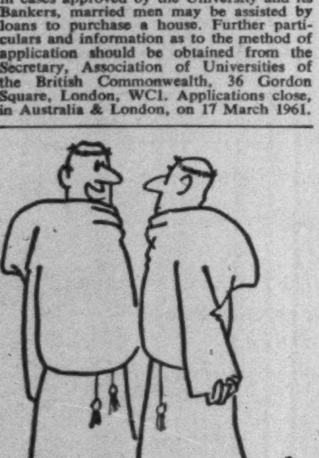
BBC requires Programme Assistant in its Yugoslav Section in London. Requirements include Slovene as mother tongue and good English, ability to translate accurately and rapidly from each language to the other, to read fluently in Slovene at the microphone and to write original material. Candidates should have good general education, interest in international affairs and knowledge of contemporary conditions in Yugoslavia. Journalistic or radio experience an advantage. Selected candidate will be required to pass voice and written tests. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 max. p.a. Promotion possibilities exist. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.31. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Associate Professor in Mediæval History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of History. This is a newly created position. The salary will be £A3,300 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia & London, on 17 March 1961.



'And I managed to pick up one of the most uncomfortable hair shirts I've come across in years!'

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The person appointed will be expected to take part in a study of community health services. Experience in the health services of local authorities would be an advantage. The vacancy is in either Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) or Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II – £800 to £950 per annum; Grade III – £675 to £725 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than 14 February 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates or persons with professional accounting qualifications for the post of Temporary Lecturer in Accounting in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Duties to commence on 1 October 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter. The appointment will be made for a period extending to 30 September 1963. Salary on scale £1,050-£1,850 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 18 February 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Psychiatric Hospital with 865 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St John's Hospital forthwith.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls, Drewstead Road, SW16. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Assistant Principal at the above Home Office Approved School. Applicants should have qualifications and experience in social work, education or youth work. Basic salary according to qualifications and experience, plus a responsibility allowance of £150 p.a. A deduction for residence is made. Applications should be sent to the Principal at the above address.

COMMONWEALTH Mycological Institute. Applications are invited for the post of Abstractor. Candidates should have sound knowledge of German and Dutch and ability to abstract in English from these languages. Scandinavian and/or Spanish and Portuguese languages an added qualification. Knowledge of microbiology and/or botany an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience in the range £640 to £1,325 p.a. Apply in writing, The Director, Ferry Lane, Kew.

MATRON required for the Samuel Lewis Convalescent Home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex. (80 adults). Qualified nurse with experience of control of staff and administration essential. Apply in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, (H.4), Jewish Board of Guardians, 74A Charlotte St, Lond., W1.

SOCIAL experiment in psychiatry in West Country town invites applications from qualified or unqualified Social Worker of attractive personality for position of responsibility. Applications to Box 398.

ST DUNSTAN'S invites applications from ladies 25/45 for Reading, Escort and Social Duties. Live in. Pleasant single accommodation. Applications, in writing only, to Matron, St Dunstan's, Pearson House, Portland Place, Brighton.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

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BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

CITY of York Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms are obtainable from the National Agent, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to whom they should be returned not later than 28 February 1961.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.200

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship Votes for Women Day. 9 February. Caxton Hall, 7p.m. Mrs Shirley Williams, Fabian Society, Miss A. M. Pierotti, NUWT and others.

'THE Idiom of American Poetry', a lecture by Prof. M. L. Rosenthal, New York University: American Embassy auditorium, Upper Brook Street entrance, London, W1. Wednesday, 8 February, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

R. VEDANTA Ctre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10. Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 9 Feb. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'Divine Heritage of Man'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 3 Feb., 8 p.m. Mrs Jessie Coulson: 'Dostoevsky, his first marriage'. Fri. 10 Feb., 8 p.m. Dr A. Cameron: 'Six months with Russian Academy of Sciences'.

ART Film Show, including films on Braque and Gustav Doré, arr. by Finsbury Art Group, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Av). Mon. 6 Feb. 8.30 p.m. Non-mems 1s 6d

FORUM – Meeting on Fri. 10 Feb., 7.45 p.m. at SMH, 103 Gower St, WC1. Dr E. J. Hobsbawn on 'Death of Imperialism'.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

FEBRUARY 'Labour Monthly'. What is 'Neutralism'? R. Palme Dutt; A Case for Nationalisation, Harry Weaver; Home and Colonialism, D. N. Pritt, QC. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

THE Dogs' Bulletin, Britain's only canine newspaper which is strictly for people, needs short stories, and articles of topical interest concerning dogs. Length 1,000 words. Occasional poems. Nothing twee or sentimental. Payment 10-12 guineas. Manuscripts to 10 Seymour Street, London, W1.

WANTED: Chagall's Bible (Verve 33/34) also Verve 2 and any issues of 'Minotaur'. SPEedwell 0277.

INSTANT Books (inc. nearly 2,000 paperback titles) available at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St, NW3. (HAM. 2218).

FRENCH scholarly works. Catalogue 51 will be sent on request. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham Street, London, SW1.

PAPERBACK Bookshop, 22 Charles Street, Edinburgh 8. Send 2s. 6d. for catalogue of British & American paperbacks.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

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APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating, and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

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6, 8 & 11 Feb. at 7.30	A Midsummer Night's Dream
9 Feb. at 7.30	Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci

THE ROYAL BALLET

7 Feb. at 7.30 & 11 Feb. at 2.15	Le Lac des Cygnes
10 Feb. at 7.30	Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS
(TERminus 1672)

8 Feb. at 7.30	Die Fledermaus
9 Feb. at 7.30	Barber of Seville
10 Feb. at 7.30	Katya Kabanova
11 Feb. at 7.0	Tannhäuser

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, Sats. 5.0 & 8.0. Mortimer, Simpson, Pinter. Mems.

COMEDY. WHI. 2578. Evgs 8, Sat. 5.30 and 8.30. Mat. Wed. at 3. 'Fairy Tales of New York' by J. P. Donleavy.

IN-STAGE: 'Schrecks' An Evening of Hysteria. 'A powerful talent . . . an excellent group'. New Statesman. Sundays at 7.30. 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. Admn free.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. Sat. 5.0, 8.15. Thurs. 2.30. Micheal Mac Liammoir in 'The Importance of Being Oscar'. 'Heart-shaking theatrical splendour', Bernard Levin, Daily Express.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. Sat. 5, 8. 'We're Just Not Practical'.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'Serjeant Musgrave's Dance' opens 17 Feb. Book now.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Gorki's 'Lower Depths', dir. L. Zdravchev, Bulgarian State Th. Comm. Fri. 10 Feb. Members.

CONCERT

CARL Dolmetsch Recorder Recital, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, 7 February, 6.30. With Joseph Saxby and Martin Quartet. Loeillet, Marcello, Handel, etc. Migot & Hovhaness first perfs. 4s. to 10s. Hall & at Chappell's, New Bond St.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Tito Gobbi in 'The Barber of Seville' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 5 Feb.: Masina in Fellini's 'Lights of Variety' (A) 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman: From 6 Feb.: 'Port of Call' (X), Massingham's 'And So To Work' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. At Homes. There will be no Saturday night Dances as from Sat. 4 Feb. until the autumn.

DANCE, Sat. 4 Feb., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. 7.45 to 11 p.m., adm. 4s. Arranged for SPES by Young Humanists. All welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions. Catalogue of the full range of these excellent collotype prints, 2s. from: Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Vera Haller and Wolfgang Hollegha. Two artists from Europe. Until 17 February. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Sculpture by Ralph Brown, Paintings by Baron-Renouard, Calmettes, Civet, Venard. Drawings by Martin Bloch. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

IRELAND'S Greatest Treasure: The Book of Kells. Never before seen outside Ireland, this priceless 8th Century illuminated manuscript, and other beautiful examples of Celtic art from Trinity College, Dublin, may now be seen in the Exhibition of Celtic Manuscripts at Burlington House, together with the Book of Lindisfarne from the British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Sundays 2-6 p.m. 12 January-5 March. Admission 2s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the fourteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 1 March 1961. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

ZADKINE. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 12 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6 Adm. 2s. 6d.

BERNARD Leach. Fifty years a potter. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Landscape for Living).

LANDSCAPE for Living. Arranged by Institute of Landscape Architects. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Bernard Leach).

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Hans Tisdall – Paintings. Until 10 Feb. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. 1st Anniversary Exhibition 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Lionel Miskin: Paintings from Cornwall. Paul Mann: Abstractions in Cellulose. 23 Jan.-11 Feb. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. New Sculpture. F. E. McWilliam. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

BAMBURGH Galleries, 94 York St, W1. PAD. 0281. Victorian paintings of Fruit: Cole, Lance, Stuart, Hughes. Also China, furniture, glass. Dly 10-6, Thurs. 10-1.

BUTE Gallery, 3 Bute Street, nr S. Ken. Stn. Sculpture and drawings of birds and animals from: Egypt, Africa, Europe. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. New Paintings by Osmund Caine.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. 'Construction: England: 1950-60', to 4 Feb. From 8 Feb.: Lattanzi, Dal Monte. 10-6.

COLLECTORS' Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11. Soft Centre 1860-1960. Exhibition. Sweet, sentimental & sometimes silly. Open all day Saturday and Friday evening until 8. 3-25 Feb. Detailed list on request.

NEW Artists. Parkway Gallery, 58 Parkway, Regents Pk, NW1. First show of monotypes, watercolours, ink drawings by Edith Young, Ingrid Gibb. 6-25 Feb. Dly 10-6, Thurs. 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery, Zadkine – Sculpture, Drawings and Lithographs. Until 11 February. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Opening 7 Feb. Collages by E. L. T. Mesens, also paintings by other 20th Century artists. 10-6; Sats 9.30-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SYMPOSIUM ON GHANA

There will be a Symposium on Ghana at Central Hall, Westminster on Friday, 17 February at 7 p.m.

Chairman: The Earl of Listowel, PC, GCMG, Former Governor-General of Ghana.

Speakers: 1. HE Sir Edward O. Asafu-Adjaye, High Commissioner for Ghana. (Anglo-Ghanaian Relations). 2. Fenner Brockway, Esq., MP. (Impressions of Ghana). 3. Kwesi Armah, Esq., Deputy High Commissioner. (Political Activity in Ghana). 4. K. Amoo-Adare, Esq., Former General Manager of Agricultural Development Corporation. (Ghana's Economic Programme).

Admission is free and all are welcome.

LONDON NLR CLUB

SOCIAL PRIORITIES II

Housing – David Donnison

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Basement, 8 p.m.

Admission:
members 1s., non-members 1s. 6d.

HALDANE Society. 'Drunken Driving', Dudley Collard and Arthur J. W. Pitt (Head of Road Safety Division, ROSPA). Tues. 7 Feb. 6.30 p.m. Royal Scottish Corp., Fleur de Lis Court, Fetter Lane, EC4.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Argentina in Art Today'. An illustrated talk by Senor Raphael Squirru, Director of the Museum of Modern Art in Buenos Aires, Tuesday 7 February, 6.30 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Image of Tomorrow: 'On a Planet With You': Lawrence Alloway – an illustrated talk, Thursday 9 February, 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Jazz, Wed. 8 February, 8 p.m. Big Bands 1930/40 by Vic Bellerby and Record Highlights of 1960 – Bennie Green. Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Prof. J. D. Bernal on 'The World We Live In'. Wed. 8 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 8 Feb., 6.30 p.m. 'Buddhist Art', illustrated lecture, Mrs M. H. Robins. Also Sat. 11 Feb. at 3 p.m. Children's Class. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 5 Feb., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Humanism and Politics': A. A. Burall.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Mrs Chellini: The National Trust (Illus.). 8.30. Fri. 10 Feb. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

'SOUL Culture'. Public lect. 5 Feb., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 5 Feb. Mrs Dorothy Pickles, MA, JP. The Moral Crisis in France. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 7 Feb. The Young Offender, Mrs V. Creech Jones, BA, JP. Discussion.

'CHRISTIAN Vocation', Speaker: Harold Loukes, MA. Sunday, 5 Feb., 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Sun. 5 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Lecture 'Historical Aspects of Trade Unions'. At Central Club, 125 Clerkenwell Rd, WC1. Adm. free. Questions and discussion.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Turkish Expedition to Astrakhan in 1569 (The first Russian-Turkish war)' will be delivered by Professor A. N. Kurat (Ankara) at 5 p.m. on 14 February at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission Free, Without Ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 7 Feb. 'Wandering Continents and Fixed Ideas: a discussion of the evidence for continental movement' by Dr W. G. Chaloner; 9 Feb. 'Russian Rivers in the Service of Man' by Mr R. A. French.

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1961. Thurs. 16, 23 Feb., 2 Mar. at 5.00, The Barlow Lectures on Dante by Professor C. Dionisotti, 'Dante and the Italian Renaissance'. Tues. 21 Feb. at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor Randolph Quirk, 'The Study of the Mother-Tongue'. Thurs. 9 Mar. at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor L. D. Ettlinger, 'Art History Today'. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Office, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'International Trade and Economic Growth' will be delivered by Professor A. K. Cairncross (Glasgow) at 5 p.m. on 13 February at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission Free, Without Ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society on Thursday, 9 February, 8 p.m. Kensington Central Library (Lecture Theatre), 19 Phillimore Walk, W8. (Station: High Street Ken.). A group of journalists recently returned from Yugoslavia will answer questions. E. H. W. Atkinson, Birmingham Post; Ronald Boyle, Yorkshire Post; Reginald Colby; John Fisher, Thomson Newspapers; Adam Ferguson, Glasgow Herald. Chairman; Ernest Davies. Admission: 1s. 6d.

PROGRESSIVE Principles and Aims Today. Weekend conference at the Glenside Hotel, Brighton, Friday 10 to Sunday 12 February. Discussion groups on: (i) Religious and Philosophical Beliefs, (ii) Man-Woman Relationships, (iii) Education, (iv) Wealth, Work and Leisure, (v) The Law and the Individual, (vi) International Relations. Distinguished participants will include Dr Eustace Chesser. Fees: £4 2s. 6d. all inclusive. Under 25s: £3 10s. For further information and bookings write: Booking Officer, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

ADLERIAN Society. Buffet 7 p.m., Psychological Films and Discussion 7.45 ('Angry Boy', 'The Feeling of Rejection'). Tues., 7 Feb. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1 (St James's Pk Stn). Visitors welcome: Adm. 2s. 6d. (Students 1s.); Buffet charge 2s.

'YOGA in Daily Life' – right eating, drinking, breathing and thinking – lecture with coloured slides and performances by the Indian Yogi Swami Dev Murti on Tuesday, 7 Feb. 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Caxton St, Westminster. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. Enquiries re. training: HAM. 5219.

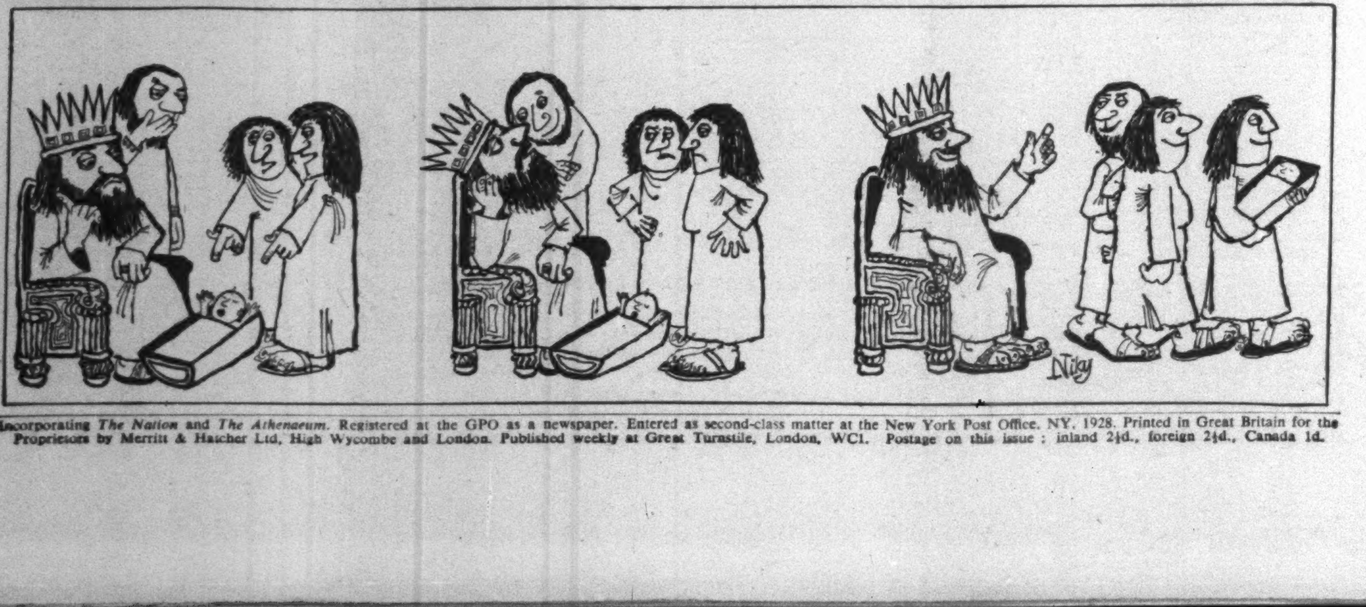
LECTURE by Caron Kent, Ph.D. 'Man's Hidden Resources' Wednesday 8 Feb., 8 p.m. Royal Over-seas League, Park Place, St James St, SW1. Discn. All welcome.

POETRY at Hampstead Town Hall; (and jazz); Mrs Pasternak Slater, Spike Milligan, Abse, Brown, Silkin, Robson, Mitchell, Hollo. 4 Feb. 7.30 (Belsize Park Tube).

POT Pourri – Members of the Society will be reading their own works. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 8 February, at 8 p.m.

SOCIETY of Australian Writers. Julian Symons, biographer and prominent reviewer, lectures on 'Crime Reviewing' at Australia House, Thursday, 9 February. Sherry 7.30. Non-mems, 3s. 6d., most welc.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.199



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